CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. V. London, April, 1909 No. 6

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Issued Monthly. Price: { Canada and Great Britain $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy. { United States $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy.

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Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter.
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Ltd., Publishers

SILVESTER-WILLSON BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322

OFFICES AT

LONDON 332 Clarence St. | TORONTO 68 Victoria St. | MONTREAL 522 Board of Trade Bldg. | CHICAGO 1502 Marquette Bldg.

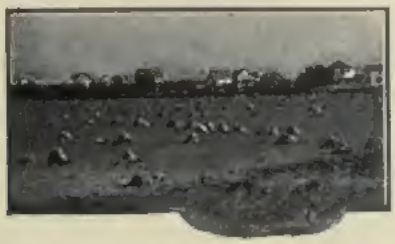
THE SOUL OF THE SASKATCHEWAN

BY CY WARMAN

The life blood of old Egypt courses with the muddy Nile,
The Czar sleeps with his faith in men who guard the empty street;
The peace of many nations rests behind a thin red file,
But the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little grain of wheat.

The thin red line may riot where but lately it salaamed,
The sentinel may slumber and the mob possess the street;
Old Egypt may know famine and the muddy Nile be dammed,
But the soul of the Saskatchewan remains—a grain of wheat.

Let nation banter nation with its battle flag unfurled,
The state may stand secure a space behind a frowning fleet,
God's sunshine on Saskatchewan, whose fields shall feed the world,
For the soul of the Saskatchewan's a golden grain of wheat.



Drawn by John Drew.

A Bundle of Letters—See page 381

"LAST NIGHT YOU WERE LEANING ON THE BACK OF MY CHAIR BEFORE THE FIRE."

CANADA WEST

VOLUME V. APRIL NUMBER 6

THE RURAL NUCLEUS

BY CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON

Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago

FIRST PAPER.

ON a mixed train, rather than in a Pullman car, one has leisure to get acquainted with the people. My next seat neighbor in Alberta was a Ruthenian priest; I could not speak his language and he had not yet learned English, but the German tongue was common to us both. This man reads masses and preaches every day in a different village and travels most of the time. On the same car was a farmer with his wife and four children. Their cows, horses, furniture and implements were in the freight cars ahead. Just before they left the train the mother proudly confided to the stranger the fact that the neighbors near their homestead were eager to have them come, as there had been hitherto only eight children, and they wanted her four to enable them to ask for a school grant. Babies start civilization.

When a dozen children arrive in a district, the wheels go around; neighbors begin self-government by voting a school tax. Their first political act is an agreement to transmit the traditions of culture to their offspring. This tells the story.

How different it was in our frontier days in the middle west of the United States, where our fathers found no system awaiting them and were compelled to establish subscription schools and trust to luck to find any wandering teacher, "homeless pilgrim of dubious fame," who would promise to whip their big boys and teach the girls to spell. In contrast with Western Canada and its parental government, there was no system of grants to struggling settlers, no organization of inspectors, no normal schools to improve the quality of instruction. It was a bare-handed fight with nature, Indians, malaria and social chaos. Western Canada is treated as the child of the Dominion, and gratefully responds.

The Mounted Police makes its helpful influence felt everywhere and in many ways. Before criminals or vagabonds can get a footing, this marvelous force secures information and acts with vigor. If it is heard in winter that a family of immigrants far from a town is in danger of suffering, a member of this corps sees that they have fuel and food. These stout-hearted fellows have earned the confidence and gratitude of men, women and children. They vividly represent to eye and soul

PROFESSOR HENDERSON AND HIS "PRAIRIE SCHOONER"

LUMBER FOR NEW HOMES NEAR SASKATOON

TAKING A BINDER OUT TO HARVEST

CHURCH, FIFTY-FIVE MILES FROM SASKATOON

FIRST HOME OF MR. TANACK
A Devonshire man who arrived in Canada in 1902 with nothing. Now he owns 150 acres of land, four horses, two cows and twenty hogs.

the paternal care of the Dominion for her scattered children.

The provincial school authorities have ample legal power to set up a school and all its machinery and to turn out dishonest or incapable elected officers; but the power remains in abeyance. it is not necessary to use it except in rare instances. The people desire schools and readily join hands with the provincial authorities. Over nine hundred petitions for school districts have been favorably answered in Saskatchewan alone, since September, 1905. These people have come into the region on railways rather than in ox schooners, and they have brought with them in their minds and wills the patterns and models of a civilized state. While they themselves live in sod cabins, they build neat frame school houses as shrines of learning.

The pure fountain of the new life is the home. The sod hut with leaky roof and sifting sand is a temporary makeshift. The bride cries a little when she first sees it, but resolutely goes to work to make it habitable. When the missionary superintendent is entertained he sleeps behind a piano, with a decent calico partition to protect privacy. In the front yard is a tennis court, with the chalk marks on the close-browsed buffalo grass. There is play as well as work. Art is added to gross utilities. Near Saskatoon is a fine modern frame house, spacious and luxuriously furnished, and in the yard still remains the poplar log cabin used by this same family ten years ago. That reveals the to-morrow of the new immigrants, and they lie down in their carpetless cabins to dream of a mansion under these skies.

In this nucleus of a village the post office comes early, for these people wish to keep the sacred chords of memory musically vibrating between them and anxious friends over sea and far away.

The postmaster keeps for sale articles convenient for domestic consumption and use, and his stock, carried seventy-five miles from the nearest railway station, tends to grow more varied as means keep pace with wants. The women hang up pictures of Parisian styles against the sod walls soon after

they are out in Paris itself, and the postmaster-merchant must obey their orders. He is an Armenian with a French Canadian wife. The French doctor settles near, with time in this bracing climate to indulge in farming and land speculation. The blacksmith earns enough to support himself, and add to his homestead a tract bought on long time from the railway company.

In the western Canada of to-day, we find new factors of conflict, new arrangements of interests, new combinations of men of distinct origin and varied social aims. No one element can be dominant in any absolute sense, for each nationality is strongly represented and tenacious of its ways. All is now fluid; the hard crust of custom is broken by the hammer of necessity; men must learn tolerance. Most of these men are young, and the futures of their brain-cases are not quite closed up with bony tissue; the senile element is wanting; traditions were broken when the old home cast the superfluous youth upon their own resources and made them swim or drown.

If the western frontier, as the New England poet claimed, produced the "first American," Abraham Lincoln, we can already discover the composite face of the "first Canadian" in the new universities of the border. New England is just a chip off the old block, a section of old England set down on a rocky region in cold east winds; while the rich clay of the prairie was the stuff for making a Lincoln, so powerful, tender, democratic, gracious, optimistic even in sadness and trial.

HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON

THE LATE JOHN NORQUAY

Out in Saskatchewan, and there in Alberta where the gentle prairie rolls to the feet of the snow-crowned Rockies, by the firelight in sod cabins young men are dreaming of influence and power at Ottawa. If experience in the United States has any value, these young stalwarts, accustomed to breast storms, defy difficulties and make beginnings, are to make themselves more and more heard in the councils and parliaments of the Dominion, and in the royal halls of London.

More and more, for very long ago they began to make places for themselves, these men of Western Canada, nurtured upon the prairies, and instinct with the genius of a newer, broader national life. The names of Frank

HON. F. W. G. HAULTAIN

Oliver, Walter Scott of Regina, and Clifford Sifton, stand well up near the top of the liberal party's roster, as those of F. W. G. Haultain, Richard McBride, and the late John Norquay do among the conservatives. These are names of power, sprung from the western plains, and their owners surely stamped new policies and purposes upon the time.

This is an age of adventure as truly as that of Columbus was, and here is a new world with a chance for genius.

Therefore it is interesting to catch even a passing glimpse of this first act in the drama of the frontier life, to taste the sweet water as it flows fresh from this recently discovered fountain of eternal youth. We stride the river near the spring; later we shall see it draw to itself many a vassal stream, and still later, like an equal it shall greet the sea. The baby who is now watching his father break the tough sod will, ere the world grows much older, go to one of the legislatures to help apply British law to new conditions, to make precedents yield a mine of meaning whereof big-wigged judges never dreamed.

The invitation of some friends to set down some fragmentary impressions made by a visit to the prairie provinces in the summer of 1908 was the occasion for this article; and the pictures here suggested gave hints of a dream empire fast making itself into a reality.

There is an old story of the giant whose daughter picked up a ploughman and his team in her fingers and asked her colossal father what the thing meant. He said to her, "We must leave this land, for this tiller of the soil will rule the earth; we must depart." So one may see the monsters of the untamed north, the wicked lies about the soil and climate which affrighted men, take their flight before the brave families who have bought their titles to the region by driving furrows through the grazing and hunting land.

An interesting character in a rural community is the agricultural laborer, or, as he is generally called, the "farm hand."

The prospects for the Canadian or American laborer are always good, and fairly good for Scotch and Scandinavians, while those of English, German, Irish and Welsh depend on their quality. Probably in the Northwest Territories there is no permanent class of agricultural laborers. With very ordinary ability and economy a good

HON. FRANK OLIVER

HERE SHE COMES

THERE SHE GOES

worker can get enough ahead to enter land and buy the necessary equipment for a fair start in life. The social position therefore is simply temporary and the supply of farm laborers depends upon constant immigration of persons without means, or young men who have their fortunes to make. The transition from wage-earner to land owner is made without break, because frequently the laborer is gaining possession of land and live-stock at the very time he is in the employ of some farmer.

The shortness of the season, however, makes it necessary to gather the crops very quickly, and this involves a very serious problem of wandering gangs of threshers. The problem is known all the way from the Rio Grande to the Arctic Circle, and no one has ever yet offered a satisfactory solution. It is a life full of temptations, uncertainty, gambling chances, and disintegration of family ties and influences. The danger of the situation is felt especially in the cold weather in the cities where

VONDA, SASKATCHEWAN

A SOD HOUSE AT HARRIS

the members of these same gangs are gathered in cheap boarding houses with money in their pockets and without domestic guarantees of clean life.

We make no pretence to offer a panacea in this connection. We may well hope that many of these young fellows will become interested in land ownership in the west and settle down to a rational mode of existence, and there is some ground for hope that this will be done.

Outside the towns in the central provinces the homes of neighbors are sometimes only a few rods apart, but sometimes a mile in settled districts. Most of the people have frame houses of one and one and a half stories, 14 feet by 20 feet and 30 feet by 36 feet in extent. One gentleman writes, "there are all sorts of people, the student is here and the mentally lazy, also the vulgar and the refined in sentiment, but perhaps on the whole a low average when there are many immigrants."

Most of the farms are 160 acres in extent, although some are as high as 1,500 acres. Perhaps one-fourth of the people have from 320 to 640 acres.

One farmer we may mention has 640 acres of land, which he bought in 1906 at $35.00 an acre. It is worth $40.00 now. The soil is clay loam and the farm has 400 acres in wheat, 100 acres in oats, 10 acres in pasture and garden, 120 acres in summer fallow, 10 acres waste and slough. This farm is assessed for taxation at $5,600.00. Few cattle are kept as there is little pasture and winter feeding is long. Seven head of cattle are worth $230.00. This description might be repeated hundreds of times, although it must be confessed that my correspondent was an unusually efficient man and the example may not represent averages.

One statement about taxes is that a land tax is levied of 5c per acre. There is a supplementary tax of 1c per acre and a school tax of 7 to 12 mills on the dollar of assessed property. Land is assessed at present market value, and the house for 50 per cent. of its value.

In the settled districts good common schools meet the needs. In villages the houses are built of stone or brick and fairly well equipped. Usually there is one teacher to a school and all the elementary branches are taught. There is as yet no tendency to consolidation, although it is under consideration of the provincial authorities. Natural science is taught by familiar talks of the teacher on nature and agriculture. Schools are visited at least annually and sometimes more often by a government inspector. The government makes a grant to each school based on the reports of the teacher, inspector and trustees. The trustees pay the teacher about $60.00 a month. The school board has power under the law and fixes the rate of taxation. The school house is used as church, hall, academy, and for band concerts. School libraries are growing and furnish the beginnings of the local supply of books.

These are a few hints of the wealth of energy which is transforming the face of nature and subduing her long accumulating forces to human uses. Only those who have grown up under these conditions know the problems of the people and can voice their de-

mands there where law is made. The generous food, the crisp air, the rush of novel ideas, the pressure of novel experiences, the training of the schools, will give men of the region compelling convictions and eloquence of expression. All will talk, but certain choice sons will become oracles of the multitude. In the school district men will learn to reach agreement by argument from facts verifiable by all; some few of them will be further trained at Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton; and the select leaders, men of largest vision, will be sent a long journey to speak for the prairie democracy at Ottawa, and they will have a message worth hearing and necessary to heed. They will not be tame and easy to lead, for frontier life teaches men blunt phrases and direct speech. Conventionality goes for less in Saskatchewan than in Ontario and Quebec, and the corporation which takes advantage of the western man will not have a second chance. Property rights will be respected; Shylock's bond will be sacred; but the knife must take no blood, nor more than just the pound of flesh. Those who have not shrunk from the frost and blizzard of the plain will not be cowed by magnates, not bought for bribes. If one is deluded or debauched now and then a brave, determined and intelligent people will find a legal way to right the wrong and unhand the worker in his struggle for existence and progress.

HOMESTEAD OF MR. McKEE, THIRTY-NINE MILES FROM SASKATOON. HE HAS BEEN ON HIS FARM FOR FOUR YEARS AND HAS 450 ACRES OF CROP

TO VI-VI

BY W. H. P. JARVIS

OH! maiden know, the summer flower,
Born of the sunshine and the shower,
Bring tender thoughts, each happy hour,
Of thee, fair maid.

In thee, thy past and destiny
A tender purity I see;
Thy heart once won would constant be,
In light and shade.

Thy love would lift, ennobling all,
Thy voice to me were Duty's call;
With thee I would my life enthrall,
Nor fearing aught.

May fortune guide us each to each,
That thy true soul my heart may teach;
That to new heights I then can reach,
Nor earthly wrought.

MAGGIE'S PARADISE

BY ANNE HARD

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK D. SCHWALM

The school was east of Saint Lawrence Main, the long street with the City Hall near one end and the big French Hospital near the other. West of this street is the English Montreal. East of it everything is French, except an infusion of Irish.

The excellent Mrs Gassette stood before the pupils and condescended to their plane. Mrs. Gassette lived west of the big street, and was a fervent enthusiast in that section of the uplift movement which promotes nature study as a primary ferment. She described in elaborately simplified phrases the paradise that could be made of a vacant lot with a few packages of seeds and some loving care. She herself was prepared to furnish the seeds, but the loving care upon which she dilated with glowing rhetoric was to be furnished by the one-hundred-and-forty little hands before her, and the seventy little hearts beating at that moment, unseen, but vibrating, she hoped, to her suggested idealities.

Mrs. Gassette did not realize that the vacant lots of the neighborhood, which she took for granted, would, all told, furnish a paradise for about one-tenth of the neighborhood's population. She did not realize that the "loving care" would have to consist of strenuous work on the part of men and teams and horses. She did not realize that "loving care" must include water, or it won't help a garden much; that all the water in the neighborhood came from sundry small taps in sundry dark closet ways or family kitchens; that a bathtub was an unknown quantity, and a garden hose an unthinkable abstraction.

The children, who had listened to her with such apparent conviction, and who had received the little tomato plants in pots which she distributed, evidently had more practical minds, for one by one, as they left the school building, they sprinkled the seeds along the pavement, some in fantastic patterns, some in little heaps, which the cellar rats soon found. The little potted tomato plants they carried home to eke out a miserable existence on window sills, or meet a sudden death by tumbling into areas.

All but Maggie Burns. She was "different." In the first place, she was Irish. That implied some degree of loneliness in a French neighborhood. And then, she used to sit on the lowest step of the front tenement and watch the others playing till they had become quite used to leaving her out of their games.

Maggie had listened to the description of a neighborhood paradise with all the imagination of her race on fire. As she left the school building, she thrust the seeds deep into the pocket of her apron and hugged the potted tomato close under her arm.

"What you will do wiz 'eem?" Louis Pache was asking her, as "the lines" brought them near together in the hall.

"Take 'em home."

"Huh! Me, I s'all trow mine away," he whispered, as he tore a tiny hole in the corner of his package.

Maggie scarcely heard him. Already she was, in her mind's eye, going around the block in which she lived, hunting for a vacant space in which her loving care could make a paradise. There was a row of wooden houses, with no space in front, and their very back

yards boarded over—then turn the corner to the left and there was a brick building and then a groc'ry store, and then a s'loon, and then a hay-an'-feed store, and then another s'loon—and so on. Not a bit of *ground* where seeds could make a paradise. But stop! Yes, there was! Just in the next block—not in her block, but across the street from the back of it—there was a vacant lot.

Maggie hurried over to it the moment she was out of school, and sat on the edge of the sidewalk surveying it. At one side stood some broken down wagons. It was edged with rubbish and garnished with rusty barrel hoops. In the middle, it had been cleared away or trampled down by the feet of the big boys who played ball there evenings.

Maggie got a stick, and selecting the furthest corner, began to push away the rubbish and to smooth a place for her garden. She was all alone when she began, but before she had finished, Louis Pache joined her. He watched her for a while in silence, but before long, something of her enthusiasm seemed to fire him, and soon he was scraping and loosening the earth with her. Then he brought water from the nearest saloon and helped her to pour it in splashes on the drooping bit of green and on the finger marks in the loose earth which marked the burial place of the seeds.

"Do you think they'll grow?" she breathed ecstatically, when their task was finished.

Louis shook his head.

"Oh, why not! You helped me to plant 'em, 'en you ought to think they'll 'grow then!"

Louis had instincts, but no reasons. He only put his hands to his mouth and howled so as to attract the attention of his gang as he chased after them around the corner.

* * * * *

The first thing every morning when Maggie awoke she ran to the window from which she could almost see the lot where her garden was growing. For it really was growing.

Teacher, called in but a day or two before to give expert advice, had diagnosed the little outcroppings of green and the spindly yellowish shoots as "n'sturtions" and "sweet 'lissum."

Every day, Maggie stopped on her way to school and again on her way home. She would lie down beside the little plants and examine their leaves, and watch how the light seemed to slide off the surface and how like fine lace were the little veins beneath. And then the glory of the first bud, tentatively poking a delicate yellow nose out of its green cap, when the 'sturtions began to bloom!

Yet the joy of joys to her was the tomato plant. A 'sturtion is a flower and flowers are beautiful, but so is a tomato plant, which also has blossoms, but think!—You can *eat* a tomato

So it was before the tomato plant that Maggie burned her incense, before

"WHAT YOU WILL DO WIZ EEM?" LOUIS PACHE WAS ASKING HER

HE WATCHED HER FOR A WHILE IN SILENCE

the tomato plant, now spreading in fine green luxuriance. The branches were as pretty as ferns, the little yellow blossoms were like pale gold, but, most wondrous visitation of all, slyly peeping beneath the lowest branch, slowly orbing and plumping, like twin beauties of one family, rubbing their shiny edges and mutually waxing in mysterious possibilities—were two little tomatoes, still small and hard and green, but prophetic of the perfect fruit.

Maggie never dared to touch them. But twice every day she cautiously parted the rank foliage and peeped in to assure herself that they were still there.

By this time, school was over, and Maggie was taking care of the children while her mother went out to wash. This gave her many hours near her treasures, for she could take the children over there to play, except on Saturday. On Saturday she had to scrub the stairs and do other work which helped to pay the rent. So it was late on Saturday before Maggie could get over to see her little paradise. As she approached, she broke into a run, for the premonition of danger was heavy upon her. She could hear the big boys at their game of ball and the little boys squealing from the base lines. There was something about those cries of excitement that made her realize for the first time how precarious an existence her precious plants were really leading.

As she ran up to the lot, breathless, her worst fears were confirmed; for sitting almost in the middle of her garden plot was a big boy, while another had thrown his coat and hat upon the ground near by.

All the fury of Maggie's Celtic ancestors burned in her heart and sent red spots up before her eyes. Rushing into the midst of the players, she hurled tin cans right and left, shrieking at the top of her small lungs:

"You murderers! You murderers!"

Like a tiny whirlwind she descended upon them, pushing, biting, scratching, throwing anything she could seize. And so astonished were the players that even their stolid roughness was melted before the fire of her approach.

Half sheepishly, one of them bent over her as she threw herself upon the ground beside her paradise.

He listened, while she sobbed out incoherent words. Then he said:

"Hola, Tober, take up your hat an' your coat—allez!"

It was the voice of the captain of the gang, and Tober slowly obeyed, while Jean Sapin quietly moved over a bit and sat down upon an overturned barrel. The game was on again.

Maggie, her back to the players, tried to estimate the damage that had been done. It was growing dark, but not so dark but she could see that the two little green spheres which were the perfect centres of her being, were still safe

She was leaving the lot, and the boys were going away in twos and threes, when the Captain called her back. She stood hesitating, anticipating further unhappiness. But almost without a word, with that perfect understanding which belongs to your city gang, the boys began to pick up old barrels at the back of the lot, and breaking the staves apart, to stick them into the ground so as to form a rude picket fence about the little plot of green in the corner.

"V' la!" Tober said, as they went by her into the gathering dusk of the

evening. "Your jardin ees safe for a w'ile, yes?"

This happy recognition by the gang of big boys insured peace to Maggie's soul and calm to her garden. Whatever sceptical or unsympathetic remarks were made by the mothers of the neighborhood never reached her ears, or did not matter if they did, for they were uttered in French. The little boys did as the big boys did, and the girls were rather inclined to gather in little groups at the edge of the sidewalk and watch Maggie at her labors. But they soon grew tired even of this, and once behind her little barricade, Maggie was safe from interruption.

* * * * *

At last there came the glorious day when the under one of the two green spheres began to show a delicate dawn of red. Maggie was so excited that she shouted aloud and danced up and down. The advent of the 'sturtions had been borne with comparative calm, and the sweet 'lissum had silvered with only the tribute of a cordial greeting and premature plucking at her hands—but a ripe tomato! A tomato such as one goes to the store and buys and carries home and eats with salt on it or sugar and vinegar if you have some! A tomato is

"Louis, do you think a tomato is cousin to a watermelon?" Maggie asked, as she lay flat on her stomach, smelling the strong spicy odor of the leaves.

"But, no. A watermelon 'e is a watermelon.. 'E shall 'ave no cousin, no!"

"But it's red and juicy and seedy. Say, I think if I couldn't be a watermelon, I'd rather be a tomato than anything else."

"Me, but no—I would be a man," proceeded Louis, with literal mind.

"Would you pick it right away if you was me?"

"No. Let 'eem grow aw'ile. Mebbe she gets bigger."

Maggie's little eager fingers touched the fruit, lingering on the shiny surface.

"The grocery man said it was better when it got ripe on the vines," she said. "I guess we'd better go and leave it. How long do you think it'll be before it'll be ready to pick?"

Louis assumed a judicial attitude.

"Mebbe she will be done to-morrow," he said.

Maggie beamed.

"Mebbe it takes a veek," he added.

"I'll ask my poppa," Maggie said, as she left Louis at the stairway. "He lived in the country onct."

* * * * *

Not a meal in the Burns household but had been given up to discussions of the future glories of the garden. Mrs Burns, at first cold, had gradually been thawed into acquiescence. The pres-

AS SHE RAN UP BREATHLESS, HER WORST FEARS WERE CONFIRMED

"DON'T FEEL SO BAD, DARLINT"

ence of the 'sturtions had cheered their evening meal, which had often been wont to languish for conversational topics, but Maggie's triumphal announcement of the imminence of a tomato started it off with a burst of fireworks. The twins were too little to understand, but Tommie, aged three, was promised a private view on the next day, and papa was always interested

"I'm thinkin' the wan tomato will have far to go to feed so many, Maggie," he observed, as he slid another knifeload of potatoes into his mouth.

"Oh, but there'll be others! Lots! There's another one almost as big as this one, right beside it, and places where it's gettin' all knobbly and more blossoms—but, poppa—you lived in the country onct, how long before it'll be done? It's most red now."

Burns cast a comprehending glance in his wife's direction.

"Mebbe the marn, me darlint," he said.

"Oh, poppa! Do you think so?" Maggie slid down and went around to her father's chair. The light touch is found not alone in the homes of the mighty. "Would you have time before you go to work tomorrow to just look at it and tell me how long it'll be? It's real pink now!"

"We're working clear out beyond Maisonneuve now, but I dunno but I can oblige ye," he said, as he lit his pipe and went over to the window from which Maggie could almost see the lot where her garden was lying peacefully in the artificial moonlight of the summer night. "I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll make a date for ye to take me there the first thing when I come home, before supper."

"Then ye'll wait fur himself," said Mrs. Burns, "Ye'll promise not to go till himself comes home and takes ye. Ye're there too much, I'm thinkin' "

* * * * *

Next morning Maggie was up in a moment at her mother's first call, helping to fill her father's pail, to cut the bread and make the tea for breakfast. She scrubbed that day as she had never scrubbed before in all the eleven years of her life. She sang loud carols to put the twins to sleep. There was a tomato-colored glow over the boards that she touched. The twins' cheeks showed pink. She looked at the old gray shawl her mother wore as she went off to her work, and before she had turned the corner it had changed into a rose colored garment of silk.

Only the remembrance of her promise to her mother prevented her from rushing away to her vine.

She dreamed of what she would do another year. Now she had planted 'sturtions, and 'sturtions had blossomed for her. She had set out a tomato plant, and lo, she was about to reap a tomato. Another year she would be bolder. She would lure more tomato plants from the club lady. She would have more seeds -perhaps pansies, too, and mebbe—

"I wonder do roses grow outdoors?" she remarked to the unheeding Tommie.

And Maggie wandered a whole day in a dream-world filled with dream flowers, where tomatoes ripened amid roses, and pansies elbowed 'sturtions for growing room.

At last it was twenty minutes past six, and papa was due. Mama was already home and had begun to take her things off, when Maggie's quick ear distinguished her father's tread. In a moment they were off together, Burns lighting his pipe and Maggie making intricate dance steps about him as they went. They reached the corner, and Burns went straight by the s'loon, with a casual nod to the man coming out with a foaming growler, straight on, and round the next corner.

Then they stopped and stared.

Two big sand wagons were standing in the street. A pile of great, jagged, white stones lay near them. The sidewalk had been taken away at one point and already a wide, sandy path been made over the clay of the lot.

Maggie's paradise had been invaded.

Maggie slipped her hand into her father's and with lagging footsteps approached the place.

"It's all over, poppa."

She didn't even wish to cry. Only her throat hurt terribly just where she swallowed.

"Magsie, girl," Burns said gently, "we'll go there and look, annyway. Mebbe it isn't so bad."

He knew all the time his words were hollow, but they went on as he suggested.

Gone was the barrel-stave fence. Where the 'sturtions had made a golden flame a great cavity now yawned. There was not a trace of the tomato plant which yesterday had promised such royal fruitage

"They're goin' to put up a building, I remember now, I heard so," Burns murmured

Maggie was silent, her eyes staring

"Don't feel so bad, darlint." Burns' own voice was husky. "Ye'll plant more next year and I'll help ye to watch them. And I'll buy ye the seeds."

"Poppa!" Maggie cried, "Dear darlin' Poppa!" She was sobbing on his shoulder. "Where will I plant 'em so they'll be my very own tomatoes, and no one can take my tomatoes away from me and put a building on it?"

Burns shook his head

"Don't ye be worryin' about that now," he said. "Mebbe another year."

But as they walked home in unhappy silence, Burns himself wondered where, in all that desert of gravel and stone and brick, they could find another nook for Maggie's paradise.

WORLDLY GLORY

BY S. E. KISER

WEALTH, talent, wisdom, and renown
I'd scorn, to be once more
The new boy in a little town,
To strut and swell and soar.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLED BOY

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

'TWAS spring when first I saw them
The flowers grew around
The broad and cool verandah,
And the vines had burst the ground.
They were laughing there together
With a rippling, careless joy,
A woman and a baby
And a little crippled boy.

He had a little woolly sheep
That never ran away.
He could not walk; he could not talk;
And yet he seemed to play.
He had a sunny face, and he
Was merry-eyed and coy.
He laughed and crowed and gurgled,
This little crippled boy.

The woman had the sweetest face
I ever hope to see.
It smiled, and yet 'twas passing sad,
Or so it seemed to me.
She kissed the little golden head,
And stroked the woolly toy.
I guessed she was the mother
Of the little crippled boy.

'Twas autumn when I passed again,
The vines were parched and drawn
The flowers all had faded
In the boxes on the lawn.
I saw a sad-eyed woman
And a baby and a toy;
But I missed the childish laughter
Of the little crippled boy.

HELEN A. CUNNINGHAM
President Woman's Political Club, "The Militants"

MABEL PETERS
President New Brunswick Suffrage Association

MARGARET GORDON, M.D.
President Toronto Suffrage Association

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT IN CANADA

BY LAURA E. McCULLY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

QUITE recently when the subject of woman's suffrage was brought up at a reception of university women, a charming girl declared warmly that "petticoats had no place in politics."

"I agree with you," exclaimed one who bears proudly the title of suffragette. "Let us enter our new sphere in some costume more sanitary and beautiful than this!"

The first speaker, a recent graduate, took up the cudgels on the side of the home, its possible neglect, the future of the modern child, and other considerations with which we are all familiar. Someone protested that the same arguments were used to keep women out of colleges fifty years ago, and under pressure, the graduate acknowledged that she would not have attempted to go to a university in those days.

Her view-point is the typical and consistently conservative one. Against the suffrage movement, essentially radical, is bound to be arrayed the opinion of the cautious people who are found in the rear instead of in the van of every reform.

Not that we disparage our conservative women. They are the ballast of the community, and are as much a bulwark against our sliding back as against our going forward. Every self-respecting movement must aim to respectfully convince them of its respectability, without resentment of the fact that the very stability of their position is founded on the achievements of the radicals of yesterday.

The history of the movement for suffrage in Canada is, as to its inception, one with the history of the struggle of women to enter our universities. Dr. Stowe Gullen, a representative woman, is the head of the movement, as was her mother, Dr. Stowe, before

DR. EMILY STOWE
Founder Canadian Suffrage Association

her. The latter, one of the first women to practise medicine on this continent, was forced to go to New York for her degree, and returning to Canada, followed her profession till her death. When refused the privilege of taking a course in chemistry at the University of Toronto, she remarked, "Your senate may refuse to admit women now, but the day will come when these doors will swing open to every female who chooses to apply."

The answer was, "It will not be in our time." But Professor McCaul, the spokesman of the Senate on that occasion, lived to see women in all the various colleges

The first meeting of the Canadian Women's Suffrage Association was held in the City Council Chamber of Toronto, on the 9th day of March, 1883. Among the officers chosen were Dr. Stowe, Sarah A. Curson, author of "Laura Secord" and other poems, Captain MacMaster, and John Hallam. During the early stages of the movement many press notices fell to its lot After the lapse of years, it is interesting to note that the general trend of these was much the same as of those of the present day. The Toronto *Globe* gave flattering accounts of the society, while other papers preferred to ridicule it. One article written at the time is supplemented by a quaint caricature in doubtful perspective, of a supposed meeting where the ladies sit in rocking chairs while an excessively unprepossessing sister addresses them as follows:

"We claim the right to put on man's toggery, smoke our Havanas, go to the polls to vote, and fight in all street riots when required."

The censorious critic will find a note of prophesy in that newspaper story of two decades ago. But in justice we must remark that while the latter half touches your suffragist of today, the former is true in still greater measure of that section of women which most opposes suffrage,—the privileged upper class

At one notable meeting early in the society's history the members were addressed by the Reverend Anna Shaw, James Beatty, Q.C., occupying the chair. The assembly included G. W. Ross, then Minister of Education in Ontario, Mr. Harcourt, Hon. A. S. Hardy, and Rev. Dr. Wild. In

ESTELLA CUNNINGHAM
A leader among the women medical students of Toronto

a speech made at Vaughan about this time, Sir Oliver Mowat said that woman had only to ask for the vote in order to receive it. Very recently the writer, who had the honour of being asked to address a club at which the speaker of the evening was the Hon. G. W. Ross, was assured by him that he hoped for the success of our movement and considered that a liberal government would readily grant the franchise if a sufficient number of women demanded it

It is interesting to mark that Sir James Whitney, upon receiving a deputation bent on the same object, declared that the women of Ontario might have a vote if they wanted it, but he didn't believe they did. So we see that the title "liberal-conservative" has more meaning than the uninitiated might suppose. The fundamental principles of both parties include the ideal of following the line of least resistance, and are thus highly democratic in theory if not in practise.

LAURA E. McCULLY, M.A.

It is not the purpose of this article to go into the history of the Canadian Suffrage Association in detail, but merely to mention certain notable events. Early in its career it was honoured by the visit to Toronto for convention purposes of Frances E. Willard, an ardent supporter, and Julia Ward Howe. It was at this convention that a delegate from the Women's Medical College first addressed a suffrage meeting. At the time, Professor Goldwin Smith was as notable and polished an opponent of women's radicalism, as he now is of preachers' orthodoxy. He remarked on one occasion that "Miss Susan B. Anthony proposed to regenerate society by turning over the government to the ladies," which statement, mild as it may seem, brought down on his head the decided and uncompromising denial of the Rev. Anna Shaw.

The movement now began to form a strong affiliation with the temperance movement, as is seen by contemporary articles. Assisted thus, and also by the vote passed in favour of the extension of the franchise to women by the Methodist Church of Canada as a body, the society organized several invasions of the provincial house. Mr. Mowat, as a practical politician, refused to do more than offer encouragement, which simply showed the need for redoubled effort on the part of all friends of the cause.

About this time the Countess of Aberdeen lent her countenance to the work being done in Canada, and paid a personal call on Dr. Emily Stowe. The society was also encouraged by the action of the women in England, where suffrage included among its supporters the Countess of Portsmouth, Lady Emerson Tennant, Vis-

countess Harberton, the Dowager, Countess of Devon, Dr. Barker, Dr. Anderson, and many other titled and professional women. A contemporary newspaper comments on the argument of disqualification for military service as a reason against woman's franchise, then being put forward by Henry Labouchere, as antiquated. Yet only last summer a leader in the London Times contained practically no other cogent reason for the withholding of the suffrage.

The work was growing and spreading to other provinces. The women of Manitoba will long remember the name of Dr. Yeomans, a pioneer of great energy, and the Reverend Dr. Thos. Webster, who early lent the society his name and countenance. In the maritime provinces Miss Mabel Peters is a leader, spending her time, money and tireless energy in petitions to premiers and legislatures, distribution of literature, wholesale organization, and public speaking. Miss Peters is a notable woman, and one who has "not only stood for suffrage, but run and pushed for it as well"

"The old order changeth," and in 1903 there passed away Dr. Emily Stowe, long to be remembered by grateful Canadian women for her work in forcing an entrance into the colleges and mothering the movement for woman's enfranchisement.

Considerably before this time, Mr Jas L Hughes, of Toronto, had identified himself with the suffragists. During recent years he has held the position of president in old and new organizations, the last being the branch society for Toronto recently formed. Dr. Margaret Gordon will succeed him for the following year, as Mr. Hughes lives the strenuous life and wishes to be, temporarily at least, relieved in this duty.

What shall I say about the personnel of the society? A woman's first impressions are conceded to be better than her best judgments, so I propose to tell you of the dinner held by a down town club at which I was first introduced to my friends of suffrage fame. Not yet out of college, I had had scarcely time enough to think of the question, and was correspondingly amazed to find myself at the table of honour where sat the speakers of the evening. I was struck with two or three faces out of the many, and upon asking learned that a handsome, grey-haired woman, with a touch of the leonine in face and bearing, was the wife of Mr. Jas. L. Hughes. Beside her sat Mrs. Flora MacDonald Denison, the well known author and business woman, her hair and eyes matching her black jet dress, and a fire of energy in her changing expression. On the other side of the table sat Dr. Gordon, broad-minded, with a keen sense of humor, a motherly woman, kind as she is radical,—one who wears her passport in her countenance.

As the meeting progressed I learned that I was to be called upon to speak as a representative of the college women of Toronto. As I had never made a public oration before, I said what I thought rather than what I intended to say, so that when I sat down I found that I was a member of the Suffrage Association, and so have remained and probably shall.

Miss Helen Cunningham, who was my cicerone on this occasion, is the president of the Women's Political Club, the militant section, and declares herself to the interested friend or curious reporter as being ready to torment members of parliament, march through the streets in long procession, or raid a sleepy legislature. She is scarcely more than a girl in years, though her attainments include a conservatory certificate in music, and her degree as optician—obtained with some ninety-five per cent. of the possible marks. But she is absolutely devoted to the suffrage movement, possesses steady enthusiasm, and seems fairly consumed with an untiring energy that stops at nothing. In one summer she organized twelve branch societies with a list of two hundred members, including socialist women on the one hand and college graduates on the other.

Under her leadership, the writer has spoken to various patriotic and civic societies in the open air at Toronto and Orillia. These were, so far as we

know, the first outdoor meetings which have marked the suffrage propaganda in Canada, and we modestly claim some significance for them, since they were noticed by headlines in leading papers.

I have purposely put off mention of Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen till now, as she merits a place by herself. She is president of the Canadian suffrage women, and about her achievements and personality I can only say that the former speak for themselves when we recall that she is the pioneer of her profession in Canada. To appreciate the latter, it is only necessary to meet the lady herself, which busy as she is, you may at any time do by writing the word "Suffrage" on your card or whispering it over the 'phone.

It is often asked why, if women in general desire the vote, motions to that effect are not passed at meetings of National Women's Councils. The answer is that franchise work is mainly metropolitan in its scope, whereas women coming up to the Councils have seldom studied the question and are surprised to find that suffragists are not uniformly unattractive unmarried women well over forty. Regarding Mrs. Wells, the British suffragette who has been "touring the colonies" and lecturing on her experiences in Holloway gaol, the remark was heard, "Who would have expected to see a stunning woman in a Paris evening gown after that cut in the paper?" The offending cut was one of Mrs. Wells in prison garb, and she is prouder of it than of her best portrait.

No opinion could be more apropos than that of Sir Wilfred Laurier, to whom the women recently applied for his views on this lively topic. He announced with gallantry and discretion, to the effect that while he quite appreciated the attitude of the ladies, it was to Premier Sir James Whitney that they ought to apply to put them on the voters' list. Wily Sir Wilfrid, who can thus neatly make interest for himself and trouble for his opponent without the expense of a single promise or invective! If only your radical could emulate the man who has already arrived in his motto of "*suaviter in modo*" while retaining the reformer's slogan of "*fortiter in re*," in what an Utopia should we dwell, provided always that a working majority would lend its ears to the Perfect Politician!

Pending this, Dr. Margaret Gordon says, "Let us work. There will always be people to denounce a new movement as crazy, but let us work! I'm a radical, I suppose, for I've always believed in this thing and always shall. So did Lincoln, Longfellow, Mill, Henry Ward Beecher, and so does Theodore Roosevelt. I would go to prison to-morrow if it would help the cause along, but we must educate opinion before anything can be done."

A[illegible]STA ST[illegible]WE[illegible]LEN M[illegible]D
President Canadian Suffrage Association

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY GRANDFATHER

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

I DO not know whether I am too old for thirty-seven, or whether thirty-seven is old enough for my experience. I am looking at a magazine in which are two contributions that have upset certain notions I have entertained about myself. At the foot of page sixty-eight there is a poem of eight stanzas of four short lines each, called, "A Fine Lady." It is signed "Ethel Anderson." On page sixty-nine there begins a rather long,—I wonder if it is long-winded—article on a literary controversy, by "A. J. Anderson." Ethel Anderson is A. J. Anderson's daughter. I am A. J. Anderson. She is twelve. I am thirty-seven. Hitherto I have scarcely taken family responsibilities seriously. I have thought of myself as a young fellow just learning the art of lucrative penmanship. Almost before I have felt my feet I have become a literary grandfather. And I don't know whether to be sad, or glad, or mad. Truly, I might be all three by turns and neither long, and it may comfort a surprised spirit to set forth why.

No friend is available just now to tell me what "advancing years" really means. It is one of the things, like wisdom teeth, that you must find out for yourself. I have made a beginning, and I am secretly as abashed as I have known others to be over their first pair of spectacles. At thirty-six I was a young man. At thirty-seven I do not know what has become of me; except that I am a literary grandfather, and I am finding out things, which, if I had had any real grip of penetration, I should have discovered long ago.

For example. Men and women pass me, walking up and down the hill that lies between home and the trolley That may not be so much because of advancing years as of advancing weight and unwilling wind. Bigness has its detractions, and flesh its weariness. These many years I have known that slenderness was no longer an attribute of mine. But I did not realize that I was becoming slow.

Cricket was a blessed pastime with me. They said I was a good judge of a run. Their judgment was sound. The end of cricket for me was produced by change of home to another continent. For ten years I have played only in my mind. There I was as good as ever,—until the other day. I used to think of possible afternoons with the old club, and saw fine stories growing on the score-board. But now? I would surely play too late for the bounding ball. In truth, I wouldn't play at all; even if any young fellow were generous enough to ask me. Grandfathers have no business to be capering clumsily for the derisive pleasure of unthinking spectators.

Again: I have ceased to mount stairs two steps at a time. Fifteen years ago, three-step leaps were a diversion in domesticated travel. A change has come over my habit of sitting cross-kneed—the easy swing of one leg over the other has departed. When I stoop to untie my shoes, I rest one on the upturned sole of the other. It saves stooping,—and it reminds me of my father's advancing fifties, and his failing seventies. I discover more, indeed, than that. For some time Ethel has brought slippers, and has occasionally untied laces for me, at close of day. That cannot be any more. She is a fellow contributor to the magazines. Her contribution is printed before mine. The elder may serve the younger.

But there is no substance in this melancholy. Nature will have her way, even with thirty-seven. The truth is, I felt older at nineteen than I do now. There will come a time (please Heaven) when silvered hair (if any be left) will be a pleasing view in the glass. "If you live to be as old as I am," said a bright nonagenarian spinster to her nephew, "you will come to feel that death is a need, like any other requirement of the body. I used to think of death as a terrible experience. I saw my father die, and straightway went out and exulted that he had lived so long, and so well."

Let me not be lachrymose, or even self-consolatory. For I am really more glad about "A Fine Lady" than I can tell. The first time I saw myself in all the safe anonymity of print there came over me a feeling almost as if I had committed a crime; and I wondered whether the editor who had accepted the article had any idea of the unimportance of the person who had dared to approach him. That was a long time ago. The awful editor of that time has since asked me for signed contributions; and boasts, I believe, that he discovered me.

Since that first venture I have become even print-hardened. I have sent hundreds of editorials to the printer without correcting their original form. I have watched men reading them in the street car without a shadow of feeling, except, perhaps, of compassion for their indiscrimination, or for the loneliness that drove them to the serious page for relief. I regret to say that the happiness of writing has come to centre in the resultant cheque. I have tried to convince a few friends that I am cynical. They always laughed at me. Henceforth I shall laugh at myself.

For I am more excited and delighted to see this little girl's name on the page before mine, than I can tell. Her poem is a perfectly natural piece of childlife, with enough swing and go, melody and originality about it, to satisfy me that she has the vital, fatal gift of words. Forgive the enthusiasm of a literary grandfather. She would be amazed to read this. And I am not a senile critic. "A Fine Lady" was written as a school composition. The head mistress saw it and decreed that it should be spoken at the break-up concert. There it was received with every mark of favour by an intelligent, highly critical audience, including the parents who restrained their pleasure.

It is a deadly dangerous exercise for a father to chatter about the deeds of his offspring,—even to himself, as I am doing now. But consider the position. I have never ceased to wonder that a pen should supply the worldly needs of my family. When I went to a weekly newspaper straight from the farm, I worked under a fellow whose arrogance was as colossal as his range of ability was small. For three years he led me a suffering novitiate's life. Nothing was right. Nothing could ever make my work right. I have never wholly recovered from the feeling he cultivated in me,—that I was an interloper, a writer on sufferance, a journalistic accident.

I must owe a great deal to that time. Among other things, it brought me in later years, from young writers who had been helped over the wastebasket, words of appreciation that were sweeter than honey from the comb. If you want to do anything better in honest journalism than give two or three young people their chance, you have a great advantage over me.

Well, then, do you wonder that I am glad because I am sure there is a child in our house with the promise of literature in her,—and genuine first fruits at twelve? Her quality is fine —fine as the spun gold of her hair. She gets that quality from her mother. But I am the grandfather of that poem, surely enough, and there are more where it came from. That is compensation in plenty for feeling a little too old at thirty-seven.

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS

BY MARGARET KENNA

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

THERE they lay on the table before me where they had fallen from the tiny black ribbon I held in my hand. Even the ray of sunshine that glinted across them seemed sacreligious in its touch.

He was dead now, the dear lad who had treasured them—and I was left alone, alternately trying to realize my loss and then, when the truth of it swept over me, cursing the fate that had brought him down to this land of fevers and sudden death. I knew that the desire to make a fortune had not taken him all the way from his British Columbia home to this strange South American country. There had been something more than that, though he had thrown himself into the work with an energy that seemed almost desperate. All the hardships and dangers of the life he had shared uncomplainingly, even cheerfully, as if the physical peril and discomfort made easier some secret pain. I used to look at him sometimes, when he was off his guard and the handsome, sensitive young face was full of brooding melancholy, and wonder whether it was that affair of which I had heard just a rumor before I left home, as much as his father's loss of fortune and subsequent death, that had made him go so far from his old home and associations.

I had been glad enough to have him join me, we had been good friends though not particularly intimate in the old days: but in the short time that we were together in the alien land I grew to love him.

His was essentially an attractive personality, due partly perhaps to the very unusual beauty of his face, which lost no whit of virility and strength through being modelled on the exquisite lines that the old Greeks put into their marbles. He was a brilliant young fellow, too, the admired center of the younger society set. All of his acquaintances seemed to expect great things of Richard Marvel, though just before I left some faint criticism, more implied than spoken, had tinctured the universal praise.

I tried after he came down to join me to recall what it was that I had been told about the young girl whose name had been lightly coupled with his. She was a person, I remembered to have heard, without family, a dweller in Bohemia and a writer for magazines. To the Marvels, or rather to Mrs. Marvel, I knew that would represent a stratum of society too low to be considered except as something to avoid. I had thought at the time that in all probability the matter had been an ephemeral thing, but, afterward, with Richard's young face show-

ing lines that had not been there when I left, and the spells of brooding silence into which he fell, always ending with a more determined plunge into hard work, I was not so sure. Once while he was searching his knapsack for something he wanted to show me I had seen a packet of letters tied with a black ribbon—the same packet that lay on the table before me while I went over and over my memories of my dead friend.

He had taken up the letters that day with a touch that was a caress, and both I and the object for which he had been searching were forgotten; then suddenly he had put them back, closed the knapsack and bolted out of the shack and I had seen him no more till night.

He used to hear regularly from his mother; sometimes he read her letters to me. They all spoke of her pride in him and her confidence that he would win back for them both the wealth and the position in the world to which they had a right. I had known Mrs. Marvel rather well in the old days. She had always been gracious to me, approving my family connections and overlooking my lack of fortune. She was a woman who compelled people to her will. Richard and his father had always been more or less ruled by her, partly because of her imperiousness and partly because it was the nature of both of them to consider a woman as a creature set apart and superior

Dick always worked harder than ever, if that were possible, after he got one of her letters, but he was never more cheerful for them.

I knew that the boy was overworking and warned him, but he only laughed. He was utterly worn out when the fever took him, and there was no help near enough to do any good. Oh, how I blamed myself for not having looked after him better! I tried to say something of the kind at the end, but he stopped me.

"It's all right, Ned," he said with a shadow of his dear old smile. "You did your best." And after a little; "My mother will go to her people—they can give her what I could never have won for her." Then he asked me to bring him the packet of letters.

"Take them—afterward, Ned," he said. "I want you to read them and—to understand," and then, still holding them with that touch that was like a caress, he went down into the valley where the shadows lie.

It was not until I had left the land that had taken my friend and come back into the wholesome north that I could bear to untie the black ribbon and read the letters as he had wished.

There were not very many of them altogether and the first two or three were no other than any young woman might write to a man in whom she had found some interesting traits. They were full of enthusiasm and scoffed gently and rather prettily at his conservatism.

"Life is so tremendously interesting," she wrote, "I don't see how anyone can be so serious about things as you are. Sometimes I wonder if you don't save all your seriousness for me because you think I need it." She told about her work and about the medical lectures she was attending with the idea of using the knowledge she gained in something she was writing.

In the next note she describes her little apartment, "where everything is artistically shabby and never in order but just dear for all that," and her little French maid, Anne, and the chafing-dish luncheons, and she devotes quite a page and a half to the delightful tiled fire place in the sitting room. "It is a bit cracked as to its tiling," she acknowledges," "and the draft sometimes seems to be down the chimney instead of up, but it is the work of a real artist and the delight of my eyes."

The third letter was an argument—evidently continued—on the superiority of the modern French drama over the modern English. No one of these earlier letters evidenced any particular amount of interest in the young man to whom they were addressed. Rather they gave the impression that she found him a sympathetic listener to whom to tell her many and varying enthusiasms, her intense zest in life.

They had met, it was evident, at the

"I TRIED TO SEE IN THE FLAMES THE WOMAN YOU HAD DESCRIBED AS YOUR 'IDEAL'"

little Italian restaurant where she took her dinners and where Dick was in the habit of going when he was staying down town for the evening. Each one of her notes referred to one from him, and it was quite clear that she had not made the advances, although there was a free and easy responsiveness in her letters, the frank camaraderie much affected by dwellers in Bohemia and yet of the kind that, as I read the girl's letters, gave me no impression of affectation.

The notes became more frequent later; evidently when more than a day passed without Dick's being able to get away from his engagements to dine at the restaurant, a letter took the place of the meeting.

"This is the rest of my answer to your letter," she wrote. "You claimed that I only half answered it last night. How the hour slipped away! I came home and sat in front of the fire, wondering whether you were enjoying your theatre party and wondering too—a little—what you were saying to the Daughter of the Aristocracy whose escort you were. Will you tell me the next time you drop down from the glories of the upper circles to dine at a shabby restaurant with a shabby little girl?"

It is at the next meeting that he asks if he may come to see her at her apartment.

"I should have asked you long ago," she wrote, "but someway I had a feeling that it would be rather better for you not to come. Little as you talk of yourself, I know something of what your position is and of what it is within your power to make yourself and what your friends would say to your throwing away your time in the skyey little dwelling place of an obscure authoress. But when you asked I said 'Yes' for lack of strength of mind to say 'No.' Now, if, reflecting, you agree with me that it is better for you not to come, be sure that I shall not be offended should you stay away. Whichever you do I am

"Your friend,

"Margaret Graham."

That he did not stay away is evident from the next letter:

"Dear Mr. Marvel,

"When you had gone last evening I came back to the seat you had left vacant in front of the fire and tried to see in the flames the woman you had described as your 'ideal.' Perhaps I chose the flames as the place where I should desire to see her. I don't like 'ideals' that make me realize my own shortcomings. Her face, you said, was an index of her soul, sweet, womanly, patient—oh, how many more adjectives that Margaret Graham knows not at all except by name—and you said something about the way she dressed. I could quite see her with every detail perfect from the collar to the hem of her subdued and ladylike costume; and I was wearing a rakish yellow and black tea gown with an inkspot on the sleeve. Do you wonder that I thought unkindly of your 'ideal?' Still I would not readily consign her to the flames. *Au contraire*, I hope you will find her. Meantime please don't tell me anything more about her. Another thing I want you not to do, and that

is to depreciate yourself and your ability and your prospects to me, that I may not see too plainly the difference between us. I know what you are, and I am proud and glad: I would not have you a whit less gifted, less popular, with a career before you less brilliant, even that my friendship might count for more in your life. I can't claim all the attributes of your 'ideal' but I am not entirely selfish.

"I received the violets and your card with the 'good morning' on the back Shall I thank you here, in writing, or will you come to-night to be thanked by the lovely perfume that haunts every corner of my sitting room? No, I will thank you now. You must not come again for a long time—a week at least.

"Your friend."

This is the next one, dated a fortnight later:

"Dear Dick,

"Do you know I have been sitting for quite five minutes looking at that beginning. It is the first time I ever wrote it and I have not written you at all for two weeks because—what did I tell you before when you asked me for the reason? I will tell you the truth now. It is because I know that I ought not to write to you nor to let you come to see me. It is true, Dick, dear Dick. You are neglecting your engagements and your work, you are having to scheme and lie in order to see me. You must not do it.

"I had made up my mind to tell you all this last night when you were leaning on the back of my chair before the fire—do you remember? And then you bent and kissed me. You had never kissed me before. I could not tell you after that, so now I am writing it. You must not come any more, you must not write to me, you must just—forget me. Yours,

"Margaret "

The next was two days later and very brief.

"What a tyrant you are! And I fancied I had but to speak to make you give up coming. Oh, Dick, what a difficult, beautiful, maddening, exquisite world it is!

"Anne has washed the wine glasses. You were so cross because she left them the last time. There are real pine knots with the woods' smell in them for the fire place. There is your favorite chair waiting—and, waiting also, is

"Margaret."

I took up the next letter with a troubled heart. It was all too plain whither they were drifting. "I want you to read them and to understand," Dick had said to me. I was beginning to understand and I found no blame in my heart either for my friend or for the girl. They might have been wiser no doubt, but when we begin to blame for lack of wisdom where shall we stop? Had I not known Mrs. Marvel I might have said to myself with easy criticism, that Richard should have brought his mother to see Miss Graham since he must have realized that their affection for each other was far beyond the outermost bounds of friendship. Had the girl's unconsciousness of the growing depth of her own feeling been less apparent I might have relieved the pain in my heart with anger against her. I seemed to hear Dick's voice repeating "to read them and—to understand," as I unfolded the letter:

"Dearest,

"I have been thinking over what you said to me last night but I cannot do as you wish. You see I am so sure that it is for my sake that you wish it, for my sake that you insist that a marriage would not hamper you in your career, nor make a breach between you and your family. I am half afraid to shock you by telling you how little the ceremony means to me. I suppose it is my inheritance and my upbringing. I have told you that I never knew my mother and that my father who was an artist and a writer, scoffed at all conventions. He died when I was fifteen, leaving me with nothing in the way of resources but a trifling bit of ability and an eager interest in life. Yes, something else he left me. He had, with all his faults, always held a certain ideal of manhood before me and that, I suppose, is why I had never cared for any of the men who cared for me. Until you came no man was anything to me. But you can see why my ideas

are not those of you and your friends. That you should love me, dear, is to me a gift so perfect that nothing could add to it, not even the sharing of your name. What can it matter by what name I am known to others since I am

"Your Margaret,"

There were two or three other short notes, written in the following week, full of happiness. Then came this one:

"Dearest,

"In the two days that you have been kept away from me, the thoughts that have been as vague shadows fleeing before the sunlight of your presence, have taken form and entered into my heart and they will not leave me. All day, here by myself, I have gone over and over the past month and, dear, the being so close to you has made me see things as you see them. I don't know now whether you are right. I have tried to say to myself that there is no absolute right, no absolute wrong —that it is our education, our environment, that makes us differ. But I can feel it your way no matter how much I argue; and I cannot feel it any other way. All day and all night it has stood out before me as if it were branded in scarlet on the walls of my rooms how you would look upon any other woman who stood to you in the relationship in which I stand to-day. And yet, even now, I cannot bring myself to wish that the thing which we have done were undone Do not come to-morrow. Let me think——"

It broke off there and there was just a line written the next day.

"Can't you see that since my own feeling has made me realize yours it has changed everything? Oh, why do I care so much—so much! I ache with shame—I, Margaret Graham!"

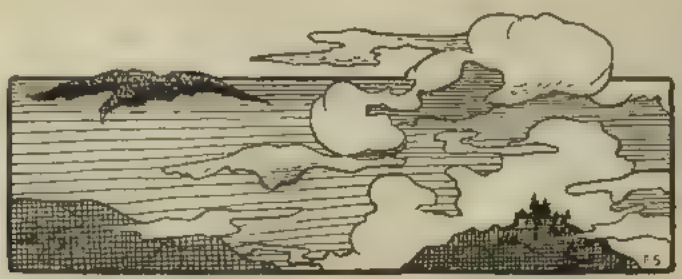
The envelope of the last letter in the bundle is worn and frayed as though Dick had carried it long before it was put with the others into the black ribbon. The postmark of a small seaside town is almost erased, but shows a date a month later than the one I had just laid down, and was just before the death of Richard's father:

"In the dreary days of this past month I have conquered as many temptations as there are hours in the day and days in the month. No one of the many times that your feet have mounted the steps to my door have I been unconscious of your presence, have not longed to rush to you; not one of your letters have I returned unopened without agony in my heart. But I have conquered myself, Dick. Until to-day I have feared to test my own strength by answering the note that came in reply to my last letter written a whole month ago. No, I will not marry you. In those happy weeks before I learned to judge as you judge, I learned many other things about you and your life and plans and learned too much ever to be persuaded that for you to marry me would not be the end of all of them. Do not blame yourself. You never meant it so. I am going away—out of your life. Good-by,

"Margaret."

Below two lines were written in pencil:

"Grey rocks and greyer sea and the surf along the shore,
And in my heart a face my eyes shall see no more."



CANADA FAKING DIES HARD

ONE effect of the attack made by CANADA-WEST upon the fakers of stories about this country has been a distinct change for the better in the output. Our articles by Arthur Stringer, declaring the imposture, were so specific in their charges, and the names impugned so high among the popular ones of current fiction, that instant attention was commanded all over the world, and the bubble was broken. Though the fight is won, the echoes of it continue, and some of these are worth recording.

First, because most recent, is the announcement of certain eastern magazines that Harry Vincent Radford is "about to undertake a long and perilous journey to the haunts of the wood bison, with the aid of snowshoes and dogs, and provisioned with compressed foods of the most nourishing varieties in the most easily portable form, as befits an enterprise so hardy." "A journey on snowshoes across some six thousand miles" of silent wilderness being no slight matter, the latest that science and experience can suggest must be provided, that the long and dangerous search for the bison may not end in a few scattered bones denting the otherwise unbroken drifts. Thus New York has sent Mr. Radford forth, with all that human foresight could provide, and followed by a prayer that

"His aim may be truer, his rifle be surer,
And stronger the arm of the faithful endurer,
Who fears naught but Heaven on his way through the wood."

Mr. Radford set out with all this taken for gospel, the gospel according to London and other accepted apostles of fakerism. He was made to believe his life was in his hands, but accepted the hazard in the true spirit of journalism and exploration—six thousand miles, snowshoes, dogs and all. On inquiry, he admitted as much; but with the common sense of Mr. Samuel Gerridge, he "didn't 'owl about it." He is in Canada now, disconcerted perhaps, but not disheartened, to find that he won't have to get an Arctic outfit after all, and that so far as hardship goes, there is little difference between Athabaska and the Adironacks. Like Montgomery's "pelicans," the bison are friendly. If he will just sit down with his camera and wait, they will come up and be snapped.

The herd of five hundred or so that roams the rich grass country and the woods of the Peace River district, and go as far north as the Great Slave lake, is well enough known to be officially enumerated, and protected by a strict game law. The fakers have less excuse for ignorance of this than they would have had if bands of these animals had not been visited and freely photographed by Mr. Thompson-Seton and his friend Mr. Preble of the United States Agricultural department, in 1907. The "dangers and vicissitudes" of the trip are specified in the All-Red book issued by the Edmonton Board of Trade, which gives the time-tables of some twenty regular routes of travel (with fares and hotel accommodations) across the whole of that most agreeable land to as far east as Hudson Bay and as far north as the upper Yukon.

Mr. Radford is booked for a delightful summer in a rich and beautiful region, and being a brilliant writer as well as a truthful, he is certain to give the eastern public a series of informing papers. A fair indication of the spirit in which he has been received and the indulgent tolerance shown by the press of Canada to the faking powers that proclaimed his departure, is shown in an article in The Montreal Herald:

"We heartily welcome the traveller, the explorer, or the journalist to our northern latitudes and can assure them of a most cordial welcome at all of these outposts of civilization. The exploration of the land beyond the railway, in search of knowledge

which is bound to be of great interest and highly educative to the people of Eastern Canada and of the United States, is indeed a worthy object for a cultured writer and intrepid explorer like Mr. Harry V. Radford; but to talk of taking a snowshoe journey of six thousand miles in search of 'our long sought wood-bison' that have been photographed, shot at, and otherwise persecuted for years, seems hardly reasonable.'

Mr. Radford is the victim of a libel, and as such he deserves the sympathy, not the censure, of all good Canadians.

ALL THE WEST THERE IS

(*From the Edmonton Saturday News.*)

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER, the distinguished young Canadian novelist and poet, has done genuine public service in exposing some of "the Canada fakers," who in the magazines and newspapers have been misrepresenting this country for the sake of making good stories. Mr. Stringer's original article, which appeared in CANADA WEST, has received attention all over the continent. One of the worst offenders, Mr. Lawrence Mott, whose liberties with Canadian geography and the general conditions of Canadian life have been referred to from time to time on this page, comes back at Mr. Stringer in this month's CANADA-WEST, in a letter in which he bumptiously asserts an acquaintance of many years' standing with the country to the north of the 49th parallel. If this is the case, his short stories are the less excusable. Readers of *The Saturday News* will remember his Mounted Police hero who started out one day from Hazelton and arrived the next at Spirit River, some seven or eight hundred miles distant, with the Rockies intervening. They will also remember the band of desperadoes which infested the quiet little Peace River settlement, which was the policeman's destination. If Mr. Mott and others of his school wish to imitate Bret Harte, well and good, but we must strenuously object to their giving the impression that in the Canadian West the conditions prevalent in California in its most lawless days are being duplicated. It is our pride that law and order follow settlement wherever it proceeds on Canadian territory, and we must most respectfully ask Mr Mott and other purveyors of lurid fiction to make use of some other part of the globe in placing the events described in their thrillers. We do not want to be picturesque in the eyes of the popular magazine reader at the expense of truth. Mr. Arthur Chapman, whose clever verses in the *Denver Republican* have been frequently copied by *The Saturday News*, has a story to tell in a recent contribution to that paper, the spirit of which applies to Alberta quite as much as it does to Colorado. It is earnestly commended to Mr. Mott. It is entitled "The Novelist in Cactus Centre," and runs:

"We was visited in Cactus by a classic-featured gent,
Who said he was a writer, and informed us he was bent
On securin' local color for a novel of real life—
Where the picturesque cowpuncher wins the schoolma-am for a wife.

"So we took him to the Bar X, where we told the writin' yap
That he'd find real Western color ever ready and on tap.
And the foreman, Six-Gun Roberts, made him slave the livelong day,
Fixin' irrigatin' ditches and a-feedin' stock with hay.

"He hustled wood for fires till his arms was most broke off,
And he hollered at the milch cows till he nearly got a cough,
And when he says, 'Beg Pardon—but trot out your western biz,'
Old Six-Gun says, 'Keep workin'—this is all the west there is.

" 'For it's time to teach you writers,' goes on Six-Gun, speakin' stern,
'That the lane of Western fiction is most due to take a turn;
There ain't no hullsale shootin's allus goin' on out here,
'Cause the bad men up and vanished when we lost the old frontier.

" 'So,' said Six-Gun, 'jest keep workin' and a-workin' nail and tooth,
Till you're sure that when you're writin' you can tell the world the truth;'
But that night the writer vanished, and the Bar X was forsook,
And we're wonderin' in Cactus if he'll ever write his book "

WHAT IS TRUTH?

TO THE EDITOR:—Lord Macaulay in one of his essays uttered a protest against the habit of drawing general conclusions from particular incidents. He gave the story of the Englishman who declared the whole French nation indelicate because he saw a footman take sugar with his fingers.

Even so Mr. Arthur Stringer in his "Canada Fakers" transgresses. But he is the more blameworthy in that he commits the exact offence which he is so severely reprimanding. I refer particularly to his criticisms of Sir Gilbert Parker. The latter in his book, "The Chief Factor," has two of his characters about to fight a duel in a mooseyard. Mr. Stringer remarks, "It is my firm

conviction that the author has confounded the word 'moose-yard' with 'barn-yard.' It is equally my conviction that Sir Gilbert has never looked upon a moose-yard, much less to travel through one in winter time. For a moose-yard is nothing more than an intricate net-work, a wandering maze of deep tracks, or rather of deep gutters, an irregular series of trap-holes two feet and more to the bottom."

I take direct issue with Mr. Stringer and maintain that Sir Gilbert Parker is right. I have had occasion to carry out reconnaissance surveys for a Canadian railway in the depths of the forest-belt which extends across the continent. I went into the forest on my snow-shoes in the autumn, and only discarded them when the snow, receding from the tree trunks, and falling far below the wet-line on the bark, told me that spring had come. For miles we had cut our line through the forest. Four to five feet of snow on the level had buried the moss, and the young trees and sprouts on which the moose and caribou feed. But the trees which we had felled formed a new and unusual source of forage for them, and day after day, at a safe distance in our rear, the moose pruned, with unrelenting severity, every twig and bud within reach. When we returned to our camp at night our snow-shoe trail would often be so utterly ruined by the moose wallowings that we would be compelled to make a new one. Very often we would note in some well protected covert a "moose-yard" where a herd of moose had come together, and where the snow had been trampled to a comparative level. Not as nice as a paddock to be sure, but decidedly superior to anything which could be found in those regions. If Sir Gilbert's combatants could not agree to fight their duel at the Hudson Bay Post, I know of no better place than a frequented moose-yard. In both cases it is the resort of the animal instinct of secrecy.

Nor is Mr. Stringer more fortunate in his criticism of the character who plays the flute. He says "Sir Gilbert's tendency leads him to depict his characters as marching across the snow in the dead of winter while one member of the band blithely defies sub-zero weather, and trippingly plays the flute. Now just how this placid-souled gentleman fingered the stops is a very nice problem, when an unmittened hand will show signs of frost-bite, before even the 'aria' of 'Annie Laurie' could be rendered" Mr. Stringer unwittingly recants, and admits there *are* cold spots in Canada. There are hundreds of thousands of good Canadians who do not believe that snowballs and oranges grow on the same tree, good "red-blooded" Canadians, too. It is too much to ask them to turn out in the nude, and keep warm by faith.

The essence of Mr. Stringer's statement is that it cannot be done. A champion of all that is Canadian, has he never heard a bugler or a fife-and-drum band at a military post in mid-winter? Where has he been? More than this, it is a coincidence that I happen to use in a crude way the instrument in question, and I may say for Mr. Stringer's information that one *can* play in "sub-zero weather" with perfect ease. For days together I have worked instruments in the field at 20 below zero, with constant handling of book and pencil, wearing a close fitting silk glove, and at intervals using a bare hand. This is no more impossible than playing the flute, and on a bright still day such as we so often have in winter, and at from zero to ten below, the latter may be easily done, even bare-handed. If I am not mistaken, some of our Canadian snow-shoe clubs invoke the aid of musical rhythm on their marches. Within four weeks I asked the colonel of a Canadian regiment, who is an ardent lover of wood and snow-shoe, and who many a day has headed the march-out of his men—all on snow-shoes, if the regimental band marched and played on such occasions. "Of course they do," was the reply. "In weather below zero?" "Yes, often" There are few who have a monopoly of general knowledge.

But aside from all of this, what is the principle involved? This is the real question which Mr. Stringer's criticism opens. It is not matters of fact, except incidentally which concern us. It was fiction only which the book claimed to be. If one writes fiction is it necessarily assumed that he writes correct history, geography, or natural history? If so, what shall we do with Longfellow and his notoriously bad history in "Evangeline," or Milton's conception of astronomy, or Rider Haggard's straining of natural history? What is the decree of literature on this point? Is there one? Assuming for the moment that Mr. Stringer is right from point of fact, is he justified in the severity of his remarks and sweeping condemnations from the point of fiction? These books were put forward as fiction, and are not supposed to conform to the isothermal lines and barometric variations of the weather bureau reports. It seems to me that the question is whether the moral of the production is effected What shall we do with Æsop, who attributes speech to wolves, lambs, asses and oxen, not to mention birds and reptiles? We have passed childhood, and are happy in its many recollections, but alas for those who come after! No more shall they journey to the moon, nor the centre of the earth! No more shall the story of Robinson Crusoe fascinate the passing hour, nor Gulliver lead them into his wonderland. All have been swept away by the pitiless besom of Mr. Stringer. I take it that the classification of literature is similar to that of plants and animals, in which the lines are purely arbitrary, in which no fixed principle is involved except that he who classifies shall justify the act or process by the production. Wisdom is justified of her children. We allow Æsop the liberty of attributing impossibilities because he makes such excellent use of the privilege.

This is the only test which can be applied. It is the parable of the ten talents over again. Has Sir Gilbert made good use of that which he was allowed to deflect from the concatenated order of fact? If so he goes down to his house justified. If an artist finds in a stone wall the materials of beautiful statuary, then pull down the wall, for fine statuary is better than a stone wall. Let Mr. Stringer stop the hole with weather-bureau temperature reports, and the depths and distances of moose-tracks. When he has himself failed in attempted delineation of fact, it is not certain that he could produce figures more ornamental than the hole which he left. Matters of fact are immaterial in fiction if the sense of proportion is maintained. It is when the mountain labours and brings forth a molehill only that the result is contemptible. Where would have been the world's literature to-day if it had been tied down to details of fact? Three-quarters of our best literature could never have existed. Will Mr. Stringer venture to set such bounds to poetry? I think not. It is the thought which makes the prose and the poetry. Let it be clothed in any artifice of speech or circumstance which best adorns it or makes it most receptive to the mind.

He takes objection to Mr. Service's poems. I believe the author is an ex-R.N.W.M. Police, and has been for years a resident near the Arctic circle. It will occur to most people that a man of his abilities and experience can be trusted for fair delineations of fact. No people in Canada, barring perhaps the Hudson Bay Factors, know the Northern country better than they. In fact, Mr. Stringer hardly disputes his descriptions, but finds fault upon general and very indefinite principles. From discussions which I have heard, I do not think Mr. Stringer's criticisms of Mr. Service's poems will carry much weight.

Mr. Stringer has missed the whole gist of his theme. Sir Gilbert's book may have been the weakest of all books, but Mr. Stringer does not intimate so. If it has enunciated strong thoughts, if the reader has risen from its perusal with a better view of life, if it has made virtue attractive and vice repulsive, if it has furnished a portrait which may adorn the memory, make us laugh when we are depressed or strong when we are weak, who cares where the thermometer stands? Mr. Stringer's article betrays symptoms of his having read the book in a bilious mood. He "tears a passion to tatters." Does he propose to read three-quarters of the best literature of the language out of existence?

Painful devotion to detail under any and all circumstances is the characteristic of a putterer. It is not safe to make sweeping assertions at any time, especially when they are founded upon caprice, rather than principle. Too often they involve their author. Mr. Stringer may perhaps express the sentiment of the Psalmist: "In my haste I said all men are liars."

Regina. WILLIAM RAND.

THE foregoing letter raises a question whether Mr. Rand himself, by a "painful devotion to detail," has not obscured his own perception of "the moral effected" by Mr. Stringer, which is that prevalent fiction concerned with Canadian scenes and people broadly and deliberately misrepresents the country at large in every sense and from every point of fact. The attempted parallel with Aesop, Defoe and Swift is drawn from planes of literature in which the moral is openly effected by allegory or imagination, and therefore is no parallel at all. The writings attacked by Mr. Stringer are strictly within the limits of that literature which deals with places and people as they are, not by photographic or reportorial methods, but by such a concrete representation of condition and character as delivers a faithful picture of both. This is the modern and legitimate form of fictional narrative. Its virtue lies in its treatment of facts in the mass. Its value consists in its power to convey a clear and true understanding to its readers, no matter where they are, or how little they personally know of the subject. Either through ignorance or by the wilful sacrifice of truth to sensation, the writers arraigned by Mr. Stringer have sinned against the fundamental canons of their own art in this regard, and in so doing they have persistently libeled half a continent, and all that in it is. That was the charge, "the moral effected." Criticisms of Mr. Stringer's own lapses in detail, if lapses they really were, merely pick at the edges. They do not invalidate his case. The details criticised by Mr. Stringer himself were in no way the essence of it.

For all that, Mr. Rand's letter is extremely interesting where it touches his personal experiences. Even though it ceases to be convincing when it enters the domain of literary law, it still remains interesting, because of its earnestness.

THE RIME OF THE FAKERS

IN FIVE PARTS

BY ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

PART I.

IT IS a man named Stringer,
And he swelleth in his chest,
"They've maligned m' native countree,
The land I love the best.

"They've told a tale of Icy Woe,
Of a country God forgot,
Of Terror and Eternal Snow—
In sooth, I like it not."

The Editor, he beat his breast,
He could not choose but hear.
And thus spake on that writer man,
In accents bold and clear:

PART II.

"O ! Canada, my native land,
Thee, thee, I've ne'er forgot,
Tho' once I hied me to the States,
And lucre there I sought.

"For, when I'd made my little pile,
To Kent I did return,
And made me there a garden home,
E'en gods would scarcely spurn.

"And once I rode me to the West,
All in the summer's prime,
In days of sun and golden grain,
When weather was sublime.

"Day after day, day after day,
I rode in parlor car.
With goodly company by my side,
Nought could my spirits jar.

PART III.

"O! Canada, I love thee well!
Maligners I'll expose,
From Kipling unto Lawrence Mott,
Each one shall get his dose;

"Service and Whitney, liars all,
And e'en Stewart Edward White,
London, a fake for all his fame,
Rex Beach with Siwash white.

"And ladies, too, I'll ne'er o'erlook,
A-joshing with the sun,
Harding Davis, De Morgan, too,
And Parker, the great big gun;

"For each with tale of gruesome awe,
Hath added to his fame,
And each hath rolled the shekels in, –
Gadzooks! It is a shame!"

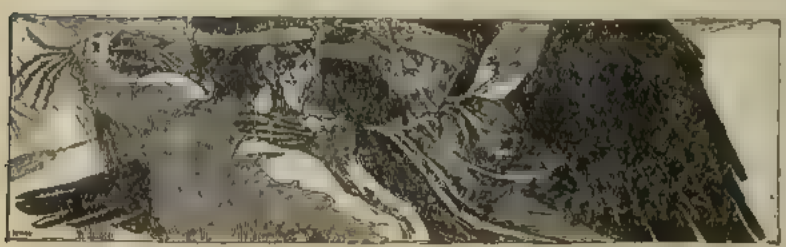
PART IV.

The writer man, he mopped his brow,
And then he drew his bow,
And goodly game fell at his feet,
The fiends that plagued him so.

All in that hot and copper clime,
The land that he adored,
From lusty throats there rose a cheer,
For Stringer's stocks had soared.

PART V.

He liveth best who faketh best,
In stories great and small;
And he who tells the tallest one—
He liveth best of all.



THE QUEEN OF ST. DAMIEN

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

Author of "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FERGUS KYLE

WHEN Marie Chantelle fared down the single street of St. Damien, it was the passage of a queen. Her supremacy over the hearts of the dwellers in this little hamlet, set upon the banks of the Gatineau in the heart of the Quebec forest, was so assured as to call forth adulation rather than open conflict, even from her own sex. Any of them would willingly play second fiddle in her harmony of beauty that she might bask even in the reflected sunshine of masculine attention, the direct rays of which came to Marie as of royal right.

The village was but a clearing in the great, sombre woods which hemmed the upper waters of the river, and depended for its life on the needs of lumber camps ranging through their depths, and upon the passing visits of the "Jacks" with their brothers the river-drivers. Jean Chantelle, Marie's father, won his livelihood by providing shelter and good cheer, largely liquid, at the resthouse of St. Anne, named for his wife who had been dead these six years.

Of all the rugged men who paid her willing though abashed tribute, two were selected by the heart of Marie for especial consideration. Jacques Papineau, the dandy of the village, had worked two years in Montreal where he had gleaned material for wondrous tales of lighted streets and the whirl of a gay life unknown to the quiet annals of St. Damien. To these Marie would listen with the absorbed interest of a child. Jacques did not hesitate to tell her that it was only Marie who could hold him to the humdrum life of the backwoods when the lights and life of the city called. He said further, and said it with a bold daring that made the girl laugh uneasily, that he only waited the day when he should take her from the shades of the forest to the city where they should know these joys together.

The other was Tim Shaunessy, "Big Tim," they called him. He was the giant of all the gangs, and his great strength and courage called to the primal in the heart of the untutored maid of the Gatineau. Of course too, there was Pere Lefevre, but one's regard for "The Little Father" was a fixed quantity as to the nature of which there need be no speculation.

Everyone loved Pere Lefevre. Even

IT WAS THE PASSAGE OF A QUEEN

Big Tim, who mistrusted all Frenchmen, had been won by his sunny ways and cheery interest in all matters touching the hearts of his people. When charged with this obvious digression from his bitter hatred of the race, he said, "Th' Little Father's differunt. There's thim as comes to us here an' in camp beseechin' th' bys to come to church wid a voice that 'ud drive anny man to Satan, but, th' Little Father, Och, ye can't kape away frum cunfessin' to him if it's only to tell him ye're afflicted wid urthly love fer him an' feel the little mon blushin' ferninst th' curtin."

It was her regard for Jacques and Big Tim that disquieted Marie. She was but seventeen and the idol and slave of the poor, rum-sodden Jean Chantelle. Her's was a labor of love for which love was the sole reward, for though Chantelle pere owned the sole hostelry in the village, the saloon which was its most paying feature, and Jean's curse, must needs be left to the care of old Paul Denouf, a sort of porter-bartender, who gave away and drank about as much of its stock as he sold. Thus the pictures painted by Jacques were a constant lure, while she could not look at the great shoulders, and massive, kindly face of Big Tim without conjuring up visions of sheltered rest

But the sun will shine, and Marie was happy with the joy of Youth. She went about the rangy little hotel and the rough street of St. Damien with a smile on her lips, and a song in her heart, growing grave only when Jean was exceptionally drunk. Then she pondered on Jacques and Big Tim.

These formed the problems of the life of this girl in the depths of the Canadian forest. She often consulted with Pere Lefevre on Jean's weakness, but of that other question the Little Father knew nothing, and even in her own heart she approached it with diffidence.

One morning Marie did not saunter along the village street, extracting her meed of praise as was her wont, but hurried on blindly, with labored breath, until she reached the house of the good cure. She knocked hurriedly, and as the Little Father opened the door, a wild-eyed girl stumbled into his arms.

"'Come with me," she gasped. "That Jean, my father, he is sick, so sick, and I can do nothing. Will not the Little Father hurry?"

"My child, I will come, yes at once I will come, but first I will get the medicines that shall make him well."

Thus the Pere Lefevre strove to quiet the girl as he led her to his great chair before the fire, and busied himself collecting the few rude remedies with which he was wont to defer his last ministrations to the souls of his people. When he had gathered them they set out for the hostelry.

They found Jean Chantelle in the corner of the room where he slept. The little man was in a frightful condition.

"See," cried Marie, "Like this he has been for hours, and I can do nothing. He does not know me. He is mad."

The good priest soothed her as best he could.

"You Paul there," he cried to that worthy who stood hesitating at the door, "Run, get me some of the boys, quick!"

"Jean," he said to the cowering figure, "Jean, get up."

A moan was the only answer, and the little boniface shrank yet closer into the corner. The priest could do nothing, so he waited, soothing the frightened girl, until Big Tim's great shoulders appeared in the door-way.

"Put him to bed, big man," said the priest, and led Marie to her chamber at the other end of the house, where the sound of Jean's ravings came but faintly. Here he left her.

The Irishman watched many days and nights beside the sick man, and Jacques too, offered himself for this duty. Marie would bring food to her father, and sometimes she stayed to talk with his nurse. On these occasions, when Big Tim was on watch, the great Irishman would sit in abashed silence. Not so Jacques Papineau. Again and again, he would draw for her the old luring pictures of "Life" and Montreal until her eyes would grow lustrous with wonder.

Coming into the sick room one day, Marie found Jacques seated in a chair removed from the bed upon which Jean was sleeping quietly.

"What you think about in so deep quiet, you big man?" she inquired mockingly.

"I was think, Marie, of the beautiful forest flowers," replied Jacques. "Deep in the woods they bloom, many thousands of them, and no one ever sees. All waste!" He paused, and looked at her with dark compelling eyes.

"You, my petite Marie, are like those flowers, a little forest flower that bloom and no one ever see. Only these oxmen that know not beauty. They trample those flower with their great feet as they pass through the woods, but they never see. The flower is beautiful, but it is pale. If it could see the sun, the great sun of life, then it would have color and more beauty."

"But too much sun fades flowers," said Marie lightly, trying to shake off the hold which the man's words gained on her."

BIG TIM STRODE TOWARD THE DOOR

"Ah, but they have lived, they have lived," cried the man. "The terrible thing is not to die, ma chere, but it is that we die, and we have never lived."

"Mo'real must be a beautiful place, Jacques," said Marie, seeking to bring the conversation to a safe and material basis.

"Mo'real," he snapped his fingers, "Mo'real, it is not anything, though it is beautiful. But Paris, New York—these I have never see, but one day in Mo'real I shave a man, an artist, an' he tell me of this Paris. There, men know what it is, this beauty which you have. There the women know and care to keep it always that it may not die. Some day I—we—shall go to these places."

"Some day I shall go to Mo'real," said Marie, "I hear that there one may earn much money to wait in the cafes and in the great hotels. Is this so, Jacques?"

"Certainment, I know many place where you might go, with your beauty it would be easy, but Marie, I love you, I will buy the barber shop that I know of, and we shall——"

The sick man stirred, and Marie hastened to the bed to tend him. She left the room with no further word to Jacques, but the picture he had painted lingered in her memory. That night in her dreams she fared boldly forth to Montreal, and even to the great Paris where in that paradise of milliners and modistes, she disported herself with the gay creatures of her dreams.

It fared ill with Jean Chantelle. Years of excess had racked his frail body and the terrible paroxysms, in which it took all the great strength of Big Tim to hold him to his bed, wore

him out. He lingered a little while and then succumbed.

They buried him in the graveyard of St. Anne's and Pere Lefevre said masses for his soul in the small church, for Jean had willed most of his worldly wealth to the care of that soul for the welfare of which he had devoted so little of his thoughts in life. Thus Marie was left none too well provided for. Her father's death seemed to crush the girl. She was seldom seen on the street of St. Damien, and one day she disappeared from the village.

It made small difference to the general life of the village, this disappearance of Marie. Cosette Vernal became the belle of what little society flourished in the forest hamlet, and soon sniffed at the idea that there had been another. The young men transferred their allegiance with a readiness that would have been surprising had there been anyone to be surprised. Only to Tim Shaunessy and the Little Father did her going leave a void, for Jacques had gone away a week before Marie left the village. Such is the passage of a queen.

The Little Father went about his duties with the shades of sorrow set a little deeper in his sombre eyes. His ready smile was a bit less youthful than it had been, while Big Tim grew morose and restless. The sunshine seemed to have gone out of the great Irishman's days, so he spent most of them in the back bar of the hotel. There in the dim lamp-light he consumed much whiskey. At last he drifted to another gang of river-drivers, "O'Brien's Squad," a crowd of rough fellows whose work took them away from the village.

Marie had gone away in the summer. It was well on in the following spring that O'Brien's squad made Montreal. Tim turned up in the Canadian metropolis more morose and sullen than when he had been last seen in the little village of the Gatineau. The intervening months had wrought a change in the man. Now he rarely jested, fought quicker, and consumed unthinkable quantities of raw whiskey.

Lurching through the French quarter of the city with a number of his companions on the night after their arrival, he drifted into one of the low music-halls which mark that section of Montreal. Someone was singing a French song of weary wit as they entered. Girls who might have been pretty had they removed the disfiguring mask of rouge, clumsily applied, went about the tables around which were seated groups of men, largely "Jacks" and river-drivers.

Big Tim dropped into a chair at a table by the wall, and having ordered a drink, sat brooding with his chin on the heel of his hand.

"Won't the gentleman buy a little drink?"—

Tim was startled. He seemed to know the voice, but the words that had been spoken had no association with the vision it recalled. He turned quickly, and beheld—Marie.

The girl shrank back in terror.

"Oh, it is you," she exclaimed in a tense voice while her face went white so that the rouge showed in two horrible red discs upon her cheeks. "Oh, please let me go," she pleaded as Big Tim's hand closed on her wrist. The Irishman drew her gently toward him.

"Well, little gurl," he said, quite as if he had met her upon the street of St. Damien. "Shure ye're not well. The city air is bad. I'm sick mesilf fer the Gatineau."

The girl swayed on her feet, and looked with fascinated eyes upon the face of the lumberman.

"Please, please do not tell them," she sobbed, "that you found me in such a place as this."

Then all her strength went, and she sank into his outstretched arms.

Big Tim stood up, bearing the slight form, and strode toward the door. The proprietor of the place, a little weasel-faced creature, not understanding, came forward to stop his progress but the rest of O'Brien's squad closed about him and the giant passed out of the door with his unconscious burden.

"A cab, Tom," he said to one of his companions, "Call me a cab," and though a river-driver rides in a cab about as frequently as in a hearse, the man obeyed.

The big Irishman carefuly laid his burden upon the cushions, then he entered, and they were driven away.

As they drove, the girl explained that Jacques Papineau had urged her to go to Montreal, telling her how easily she could get work. He had gone ahead, and had written her to come; that he had secured an excellent position for her. Then she had come and Jacques had met her, and taken her to that place where Tim had found her.

She had wanted to leave, but she had no money, and was ashamed to write to St. Damien for aid.

"Little gurl, poor little gurl," whispered the great Irishman, stroking her soft hair, as it lay on his rough shoulder.

"Shure, ye'll hev forgotten it all, whin we're married, dearie," he went on, as softly as his great voice could speak.

"Married——" faltered the girl, "you—you....surely you don't want to marry me—after this?"

"Want to marry you, is it?" queried the big man, who found no room in his great heart for such problems as disturb his lesser brethren of the higher culture, "Faith, whin we find a praste, I'll be after showin' ye how I want to marry you."

Then he raged against Jacques, "That Frinch divvil." until Marie smiled through her tears reminding him that she too was French, whereupon he subsided, rumbling into his great, flaming beard.

He was for setting out to find his enemy, but the pleading look in the girl's eyes, and the blanching of her sunken cheeks beneath the rouge, drove him to give this up, though he did it almost grudgingly.

A week later, two familiar faces were seen in the little village of St. Damien. The woods were just beginning to take on their spring freshness. About the feet of the pines a few early forest flowers were growing.

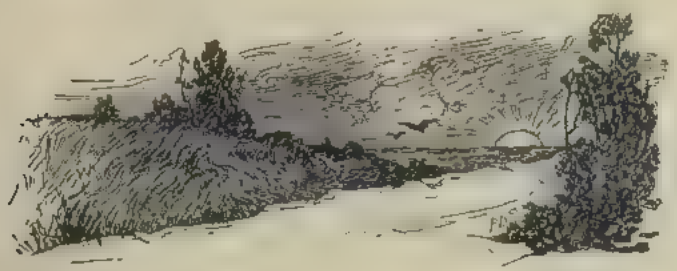
Pere Lefevre was the first to meet and greet them, and the Little Father's face was bright with joy.

"Is it that I shall have the happiness to marry you, my children?" he asked after they had recounted some part of the chances that had brought them together.

Big Tim's smiling countenance was shaded for a moment by a tinge of regret, and there was a touch of the apologetic in his voice as he answered.

"Ye see, 'tis this way, Father," he explained, "that wuz the furst thing I thot uv after gettin' her, but there's thim that talks an' so—well 'tis done already. But Father dear," he continued, inspired by a great idea, "Shure it's you that shall be doin' it all over agin just fer luck an' the luv I bear ye."

And so the queen of St. Damien came to her own again. But this time she sought and cared to reign only in the heart and home of Big Tim Shaunessy.



MAKING GOOD

BY IVAN L. WRIGHT

SEE here, my man, in lieu of this long face,
This making moan because you're bound to earth,
Just bravely substitute a willingness
To do the daily task, and prove your worth.

Don't try to rend the Heavens with your hands,
Nor strive to conquer worlds as yet unknown,
While failing to perceive the little things
That must be done—that really are your own.

Do not assume some tragic pose, and vow
(Forgetting there is needed bread to earn)
Your soul soars far above the common clay;
That God-ignited fires within you burn.

You're ill advised to idly stand and cry:
"Why, 'tis unjust that I this part should play!
Forsooth, I'm cast from vaster mould than this!
My feet must follow some more wondrous way!"

Your kinship with the gods you'll sooner prove,
If, laying hold of what lies nearest hand,
You form it to the pattern of your mind—
Obeying Life's inexorable demand.

"Low aim is sin," 'tis said; "not, having failed."
A truth that is. But man must sight his strength,
The while, at problems in proximity
Ere he can compass much in Life's short length.

When limitation scars you with its sweat;
When genius scorns your claim of brotherhood,
Take up the tiresome tasks that all must meet,
And, doing each, you'll win by "making good."

THE REIGN OF THE PSYCHIC

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

WM. DE MORGAN in "Alice-for-Short" has this to say:

"Peggy went on demolishing the evidence she had not heard. She was only following time-honored precedents in her treatment of the miraculous and the supernatural. A few of these, taken at random, are, judgment first, data afterwards; supply of data, at choice, from one's own stock; an unfair bias against other people's spooks; an ascription, by implication, of cretinism to previous investigators; and so on. However, one generally makes up for one's behavior toward the psychical researches of others by the excessive partiality, amounting sometimes to coincidence, with which one treats one's own."

Some of us who have read that paragraph believe that the English author may have, by some psychic phenomenon of which we are not yet aware, been able to take our exact measure, even though we are divided by the broad Atlantic. Probably more to the point in mind, however, De Morgan goes on to say, further over in the book:

"The discussion of the ghost goes on as such discussions do, not exactly confirming the opinion of the controversialists (for they may have none), but strengthening their respective determinations to uphold the first thesis to which each had committed himself. This is called sticking to the point and each enjoins the other to stick to it at intervals; always meaning his own point, not the other's. If the discussion is about a ghost, neither cares much about the question, but each is usually in love with his own self assertion."

To this picturesque way of putting one phase of the question, I add that psychic problems attract the public mind periodically. Wild imaginings are coupled and confused with scientific statements and in the end no one is quite sure which is which.

About the only remarkable thing in the present craze among the people of the United States over psychic questions is that it proves that excitable people—and perhaps all of us—travel around in a mental circle.

Man seems quite capable of making a great show of himself while doing a dervisher dance within his own shadow. To take the thing up more or less logically, to-day it is a chase around the ring for money, then it is a wild scramble around the same ring to spend that money. Having become quite dizzy in the operation, man determines there is not much in the old-fashioned morals that is worth while, so he goes chasing after divorce and pondering upon soul affinities. When he is quite exhausted over that pursuit his attention is attracted by some moral wave that is sweeping those in his vicinity and he begins making revolutions again, being quite as intemperate in the last as he was in the first. Finally, when quite exhausted and physically run down, he sits down to ponder the things that are to make up life when his physical body shall be completely worn out. Then he begins peopling the surrounding air with familiar spirits which, sometimes, he draws into his immediate family circle, and he becomes quite as confused on this topic as he was on any of the others.

The secret of the whole thing has been that he has been whirling around so fast in such a small circle that he has quite lost his sense of direction and says queer things, of which he would be ashamed if he were not so dizzy.

Often in zoological gardens I have fashioned another simile for human progress which does not differ in meaning but presents the subject in a slightly different and perhaps more

dignified light, seeing the animal is large and formidable. Caged tigers have a fondness for seeking a means of escape between the bars. At one end of the cage they jump upon a bench, then down to the floor and along the bars to the other end, where they jump upon the other bench and so on for hour after hour. We might say the tiger lacked reasoning powers or he would figure out sooner or later that those bars are permanent and that he might as well lie quietly and take his captivity as a matter of course. I suppose that when the tiger jumps upon a bench he thinks he has made progress and that when he jumps down on the floor again, he supposes he is indulging in penetrating research into the question of personal liberty. Since his performance is carried on through many consecutive hours per day, the tiger must think himself an expert on the question of liberty when he reaches ripe old age.

Maybe a tiger lies down and dreams of liberty, now and then, or walks in his sleep and thinks that his circles around the cage are wanderings in trackless forests; it does not lessen the fact that he is still the prisoner of man.

Who knows but that, when we are enjoying a business boom, we are merely, for a little time, upon the bench at one end of the cage. Maybe, when we are passing through a temperance wave, we are on the bench at the other end. When we are delving into psychic matters or asleep in our corners, dreaming, we may be down on the floor with our noses against the bars, thinking what a glorious frolic we could have if we could get beyond that clump of trees just in front of us that obstructs the view of what lies beyond.

It really matters little what we think about it; we are still prisoners of the flesh, doing our little turn on the treadmill as our fathers and their fathers have done before us.

If you don't like that view of it, maybe we are like the car wheel with flat places in its rim. It makes progress, to be sure, as it is whirled over the rails, but each time it turns over there is a succession of bumps that become a little more pronounced with each revolution, showing that former revolutions have left their impressions also. If it is more comforting to think of it that way, I shall not try to rob you of that little solace.

Those who have good memories and are even passably versed in history realize that about—oh, well, the date does not matter—so many years ago the people of the United States believed firmly in witches. England has been bothered by a dozen discussions of abstruse topics of this sort and now the United States seems to be enmeshed in a tangle of psychic discussion which is the same old question in a slightly different form. They are talking of hypnotism for the cure of disease—in this morning's paper I read that the English church has taken up the question of the cure of disease through the exercise of certain powers claimed by Christian Science—they are devoting millions of words in newspapers and magazines to the subject of mediumship, clairvoyance, mental telepathy, obsessions and the state of the soul after death.

Recently one newspaper and one magazine devoted a good deal of space to a scientific exposition of the belief that cats have souls. Another newspaper to-day makes the statement that recklessness in drivers of automobiles is due to a certain breaking down of physical powers and a certain psychical exhilaration which comes through the excitement of high speed, and so it runs on to the end of the chapter. Naturally, if the latter surmise were true, every automobile owner would be a psychic and every railroad engineer would sooner or later turn into a lunatic, quite beside himself unless travelling at seventy miles an hour and destroying life and property at every railroad crossing.

People from the States have gone so far in their enthusiasm over this subject that any man with a smattering of science in his head may flock by himself, originate a new idea, and become the head of a cult. A little later I may decide to organize the society of sane thinkers and assume some such high sounding title as was suggested by the German poet who wanted to establish

a hall of fame, made up of those who had most of their mental "buttons." If I do, you may depend upon it that the organization will not be promulgated until the present flurry is nearly over.

If the more-or-less-gentle reader will be kind enough to backtrack a few hundred words and turn to that paragraph which begins with: "To take the thing up more or less logically," he will find my ideas on the subject quite clearly expressed. It must be remembered that the people of the United States have just passed through ten years of strenuous business activity; naturally they are tired. They have had seven years of exciting discussion of the proper attitude of man toward the government, of government toward the man, and of man toward man; that has also frayed out the nerves and undermined the physical constitution. They have come suddenly to a halt in both matters and are like an automobile the engine of which is turning over rapidly without the transmission clutch thrown in; they are trembling with the impulse to do something, but don't know just what to tackle next.

Again, if you please, remember that last summer was unusually hot and inordinately dry. Any physician will tell you that minds are much more likely to lose their balance in July and August than they are in January and February and that the sanest people live in the colder climates. One scientist, Dr. Loeb, went so far as to say that heat is the essence of life and proved it by showing that the caterpillar eats up a plant until noon and eats down until sunset. Going a little further into the root of the thing, the scientists—speculative scientists perhaps, but recognized just the same—declare that the seat of reason is the last place attacked and the last to recover, when disease is present in the body, or has been present but has been removed.

It is submitted as a bare possibility that the Canadian's neighbor just over the border may have become enervated by the prolonged strain, slipped a cog during the hot dry spell, and is having some little difficulty to get the machine in operation again.

All that has gone before has been laying the foundation for a structure that, when finished, is to appear very much like one of those buildings that cover a great deal of ground but don't go very high in the air, like an armory or a skating rink, for instance. I want to tell about the newest and what claims to be the oldest thing in psychical research, The Great School. Please to observe that in every detail the structure conforms to the foundation; its activities have burst out periodically and have come at times when the people have been excited over questions of that sort. Moreover, its foundation is entirely in psychical matters.

When first I squatted on the trail of The Great School it seemed to me there was only one man in it; that was an attorney in Chicago who had dropped his regular name and has assumed, toward the world, the cognomen of "Dr. St. John." Among the elect he is known as "K. T." Since then I have found a number of others, among them Dr. H. Lindlahr, of Chicago, Dr. J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, and lately it has been intimated that Ibsen was also of the cult. The greater part of the membership has been and is now in India, knowledge of the school having been brought to this country by an Indian about twenty years ago, the first convert being "Dr. St. John."

It has been "Dr. St. John" who has given the psychical information to the world, and Dr. Buck who has really told something of the history of The Great School. With your permission I shall relate a few of the claims made by Dr. Buck and then give a smattering of what "Dr. St. John" says and believes. Please to remember, again, that in what follows I am acting in a reportorial capacity; I am letting the ideas of others sift through my brain and trickle out through my fingers, via the typewriter.

The Great School, according to Dr. Buck, is the repository of about everything that is authentic in religion and history and the one channel that has not been corrupted by "Black Magic,"

which, being literally translated, means the workings of the Devil—the real live personal Devil. This "School" originally was in Egpyt, where it constituted the priesthood. It tried to establish a school for the dissemination of facts concerning the hereafter—whence it obtained these facts does not appear—but was frustrated in its efforts by the fact that Black Magic entered the School and perverted the teachings. It was then that the Great School abandoned Egypt to its fate and the nation's fall from power in the world followed.

The next effort was through the formation of the Masonic Lodge, the organization of which is exactly identical with that of The Great School. To the Masons was given a mystic word that would act as a passport from the lodge to The Great School, permitting the man who knew the word to move up through the Masonic Lodge to The Great School and then to become a master, with complete knowledge of the hereafter and the power to rise to great things in the spiritual world. After a while, the mysterious word was taken away from the Masons, who, according to this author, have been saying much about "the lost word." (Not being a Mason, the accuracy of that statement can neither be denied nor affirmed by me).

Next, an effort was made through Christ to present the truths of The Great School to the world, and for three hundred years thereafter the truths he presented took possession of the people with such a tremendous grip that "Black Magic" was all but thwarted. It finally succeeded in getting a footing in the church and by perverting the teachings of Christ, to throw mist in the eyes of the people.

Now another effort is being made to give these facts to the world and it is said by those in The Great School that "Dr. St. John" has been chosen as the spokesman; all of those who write authoritatively about the School do so with his consent and only after he has edited the copy. It is intimated also, that sooner or later, the Masons will be given back the "lost word" and will be the instrument through which the truths of The Great School are to be given to the people.

By way of putting a tag on this part of the yarn and pinning it down specifically to the introduction I might say that when each wave comes it is surely going to be permanent; prosperity is going to last forever, the liquor traffic is going to be wiped out for good and all, and the knowledge of psychic affairs is never going to be lost again. That is what they are claiming and believing about the present wave of psychical research; it is going to establish permanently and forever the reign of The Great School on earth. Oh, very well, we will let that pass.

It is not the intention here to print a new lexicon, nor even to attempt a material revision of Webster's, even though a few words are to be explained. According to the new cult, every man is a psychic, because he possesses an immortal soul, but those who are known to the world as "psychic cases" are persons who have had their souls tampered with and have become "obsessed." Writers have been quarrelling over the meaning of the word "hypnotist" and even over the term to express exactly what has been done when a person passes into a cataleptic state at the "suggestion" or "command" of another. To The Great School this is simple; it means that one person by an absolute command that cannot be disobeyed, takes possession of the will, and therefore of the soul, of another, and through the soul controls the will, that is able to start the reason to work, to use the material gathered by the "consciousness." Thus the hypnotist has at his command all the information gathered during a lifetime by the person hypnotized.

Clairvoyance, mediumship, clairaudiance and obsession have been, to the lay mind, terms that are about as transparent as a mountain of granite; to The Great School they are as simple as the fact that "i" and "s" in conjunction spell "is." They mean that a person on the earth plane has been taken possession of by an individuality on the spirit-plane; the latter makes free to capture the soul, to get command of the will and to proceed through it to

use the records on the brain of the person "obsessed" to communicate to the world. Incidentally the obsessing spirit quite frequently uses the human body to satisfy every manner of passion possessed by the spirit while it was still incarnate.

"Dr. St. John" claims that when a person is hypnotized or when he is taken possession of by a spirit from the other world, his soul is in danger of destruction, and unless freed from this agency it has started upon "The Way of Death." If the soul is kept independent in its action it may go on expanding or unfolding indefinitely until it has developed into a god. This expansion is to take place through thirteen different stages of development and in each stage a period of some 500,000 years is comparatively a short time.

After looking over this array of facts presented by The Great School, it would occur to the average individual that this old world has been pretty thoroughly dominated by "Black Magic" since the foundation of the present race of mortals. The School claims that "Black Magic" has taken possession anew of some of the churches that are trying to cure disease by hypnotism; they are curing bodily ills while destroying the soul.

All of that sounds very convincing, does it not? Perhaps I might, if it were not for one thing, go chasing after The Great School and enroll myself as a member or, what is still better, get into the Masonic Lodge, which is ultimately to be given back the "lost word," and become the means of saving the race. The Great School holds that the soul, which is eternal, is supreme in the body, therefore that a man's physique is nothing more than an ugly garment which he must wear until the clock set in the centre of it runs down. Yet they infer that, to a certain extent, the body can control the soul—that is, the suit of clothes can dominate the man, or the watch in my pocket can wind me around the post of its mainspring.

This piece of logic is put out in this way: no man becomes obsessed unless he is physically negative (in other words is run down, or has eaten too much meat); unless he has lost control of himself through anger, through laziness, or through some great excitement, such as a religious revival or a political campaign; or, unless he has been domineered over by somebody, such as a hypnotist who is physically stronger.

The rest of you "folks" may think as you choose on this subject, but I am still of the opinion that I control my clothes and my watch and that what is on the inside of me has a pretty strong grip on the body.

Dr. Moulton used to say in his lecture on King Lear's flashes of "peculiarity" that eventually led to his insanity: "It is a wave; it will return."

In putting the finis on this psychical craze, I shall use the same expression: "It is a wave; it will return."

FATE'S A WOMAN WITH A WOMAN'S WAYS

BY S. E. KISER

FATE'S a woman with a woman's ways—
With all of woman's weaknesses and wiles—
Her favors are for him who sings her praise,
To him she turns with fondest, sweetest smiles.

PARENTS WOULD KEEP AWAY THEIR CHILDREN FROM THE STABLE WHERE I WAS CLEANING MY MULE

THE LETTERS OF LOUIS

Being the authentic and literal chronicles of Louis Kon, former Russian revolutionist, and latterly a man of his own hands in Canada.

BY LOUIS KON

Second Letter

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

I WENT back to study my English, but at the same time was haunting after job.

Certainly I could not take any work which would suit me, as in this country without knowledge of English a man can be just a common laborer. But I was anxious to work among English speaking peoples, to learn the language. Here began the experience.

I found a place as a porter in some hardware store. As a green man, whos knowledge of English was equal to zero, my occupation was to clean store, offices and windows, carry barrels and different cases.

After few days we received a lot of eighty barrels of tiles for stove-mantles and I had the honour to be appointed to pile all this stuff on the shelfs in basement.

During fortnight from early in the morning, till six o'clock pile the tiles! I suppose, that even most patient and bloodless man could be mad, would the tiles not be of different colors and size. I was nearly crying and as soon I was through with this interesting work, I took my departure from my place, as other shipment of tiles was expected.

I don't presume that any of my worst enemies I could hate in such a degree as those tiles.

My progress in English was awful slow and when I was talking to some English speaking man, he certainly listened to me, for Britishers are gentlemen as a rule, but he said usually "yes," when doubtless it should be "no," and "no" when it should be "yes," or was laughing in the most sad parts of my talk and was very grief in the most gay.

Very often some more frank man said to me that he knows what I mean but he don't know what I am talking about!

Looking again for a work I came across a following advertisement in one of the local newspapers: "Wanted

young man of good appearance for splendid proposition, no experience needed."

I don't need to mention, that everybody is at certain extent self-conceited, especially on the point of his good appearance. I looked about half a day in the mirrors of different furniture and dry goods stores, have study my good appearance en profile and en face, I spended fifteen cents for shoeshine, thirty-five for shave and herpicide. I took a clean handkerchief, and took elevator to the 6th floor of banks chambers.

It was really a very sweet proposition—swiss chocolate for commission, brand unknown, season long after Christmas and far to Easter.

Small parcel of samples, small box of taste samples, package of show cards, blessing of "boss" and beginning of a new very chocolate-life.

During a week I have distributed all show-cards, the store-keepers eat away all my samples, and I brought so many orders, that the commission covered only expenses of street-car tickets, washing cuffs and collars, and purchase of mostache-wax, so indispensable for my good appearance.

My "boss" a German-Canadian,

HE WAS LAUGHING IN THE MOST SAD PARTS OF MY TALK

encouraged me, explaining that "pretty soon will begin the right season and a splendid business will be done." But I resigned of my swiss-chocolate career, as I could not talk English enough to assure my customers about sweetness, purity and delightness of my brand.

However my employer had some other line of goods, which he thought will be the right sort for me.

They were Parisian hand painted oil pictures, painted by most prominent French artists, who sold their master pieces probably by yards, or pounds.

"Well," said my master, "you note on a piece of paper the addresses of private residences of different people in the most wealthy quarters of the city. You take your old cloak, I have seen you to have on some day, and with few pictures as samples you start to visit the people.

"Ask always for the Missis and say that you came few days ago from Paris to sell certain amount of pictures, painted by yourself and your friends."

The promised 50 per cent. commission and a badly need of a spring suit surmounted my deep dislike for peddling.

It was a beautiful sunny morning. I took the Broadway car and descending on some corner I directed my steps to the first address of my few yards long directory.

As more I encouraged myself to enter the house and ask for Madame, as clearer I heard the reply, "no peddlers allowed in this house," or "if I need anything I know very well the stores, where I can buy everything.' Consequently I was very afraid, that the "society of elementary arts and prohibiting ladies and girls to chew the gum," will ask the immigration authoritics to deport me from the country for depravation of artistic taste of Canadians. *C'etait plus fort que moi*!

I brought back my samples and explained to my employer, that I met the ghost of Rafael, Michel Angelo, Holbein, Van Dyck, Botticelli and others creators of art, who positively forbid me to peddle with such artistic hand painted oil pictures.

I felt a strong want for some steady and hard work, as idling during few months shaked yet more my nerves, disturbed during three years of Russian revolution.

I took "job" on the railroad grading in Saskatchewan and paying my last dollar bill to the employment-agent. After few days I was in the railroad camp on the prairies, about 85 miles away from the next railway station.

It happened first time in my life to be so far from civilization, to see how rapid, progressive and solid the railways are build in Canada, to see such an immense space untouched by humanity, and prove the life of a manual labor.

The living in tents, sleeping on self-made bunks, covered with hay and blankets, eating soup, meat, vegetables, fruit-sauce, pudding and pie on one and the same tin plate, drinking coffee or tea from a tin cup and to be always on the open air, was strange and very pleasant to me.

I was surprised how the Canadian laborers are well fed. I will not talk about my country, or Italy, where the chief nutriment of labor class are potatoes and buttermilk or fruit, and meat for Christmas and Easter, but even in Germany or France the middle class don't eat so many and different dishes. Porridge, tea or coffee and milk, pancakes or toast, potatoes, warm and cold meat and cakes for breakfast. Soup, two kinds of meat, two or three kinds of vegetables, pudding, two kinds of pie and few kinds of cakes and tarts, tea, coffe, for dinner, and the same menu for supper, probably can and should satisfie the most particular people.

My first work was using of pick and shovel, and as I was not accustomed to the manual work my hands were all in blisters, my back did awful pain, the fingers during the night became so stiff that in the morning I could hardly wash myself, but such a sleep and appetite I never knew before.

After short time lifting of very havy rocks, working during ten hours a day seemed to me the most pleasant game I ever had before. My nerves very rapidly started to mend, and muscles and bones become more elastic and enduring to the hard work.

I BROUGHT BACK MY SAMPLES AND EXPLAINED TO MY EMPLOYER

I struck hapily a camp, where nearly all laborers were English speaking people and I started pretty soon talk English, having as teachers Scotchmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, Yankees and Canadians.

After short time came along the promotion to a dumpsman. It means a gentleman, whose duties are to stand all day in sand, dirt, or clay and direct the approaching teamsters "gee" or "ha," and when they reach the proper point yell "dump" in two tones higher as the high C, which make so famous Caruso.

I liked this work very well, because the dump was the best observetion spot to look at the beautie of sunrise and sunset.

Such a richness of colours in all possible shades; such gold and purple colour as they can be seen by sunrise and sunset in West, are unimaginable.

All landscapes, representing this part of nature's beautie, painted even by the best and most known artists decorating the galleries of Louvre, Luxemburg, Berlin, Rome, Vienna or Mumch are very slight imitations. But describing the nature belongs to the Kipling and to the men possessing his talent and receiving his contribution for every printed word.

The different works I had to perform during my stay in the railroad camp were very amusing and interesting for short time, as they gave exercise only to the physical strength, leaving the brains in deepest sleep. Therefore the days spendet on the sand started to seem to me too uniform.

Remembrances of good old days and

the comparison of my new life conditions with the old ones were so rapid changing in the mind, that very often I forgot to yell mine all days prayer, consisting of "gee," "ha," "dump" or "stop." Sometimes I supported myself on the shovel or pick with sight directed in remoteness, thousands miles away from dump, sand, shovel and pick, whistling Shuman's "Dreaming,' or Gajhowskis' "Sonate Patetique." Then sweet voice of teamster, announcing, "Ah governor, fine sand, where do you want it?"

My next work was driving team, but not every teamster was born Friday and on the 13th of some month as I had the luck. Therefore not every one received a team consisting of one horse and one mule. The zoology teach us, that mules are in very close relation with asses. It means, that they don't have very much respect for drivers. However they are smart enough to remark very quick if the driver is green on his duties and they do not spare troubles to him at any time.

Anyhow it was a change. Getting accustomed with different parts of harness, wagons, cleaning team and stable gave me chance to enlarge my experience.

Now I understand very well why my parents were against my visiting of stables as a child, saying, that the only thing I could hear there is very bad language. Poor good people! They never dreamed that other parents would keep away their children from the stable where I was now cleaning my mule and horse.

The change of Rogers' and Gallets' "Vera Violetta," or Atkinson's "Mayflowers' perfumes," to the smell of stable and the close neighborhood at table of my works' comrades among which prevailed the opinion, that for an average man the using of soap and water, or comb and brush is absolutely sufficient before Christmas and Easter, as well the wish to see some other part of Canada, caused my resignation in the railroad camp.

The heads of the firm I was working for in the construction camp belonged to the geographical society, the chief object of which was to make acquainted the largest number of people, without difference of confession, age or nationality, with the Canadian Prairies—and therefore they did pay the laborers in time checks, which are changed for bank check in the head office, about 87 miles from the camp.

It was a very smart idea from the geographical and sport point of view, but did not agree very well with my pockets, from which a vacuum pump could pump out plenty of air, containing all kinds crumbs of tobacco, broken matches, buttons, dirt and sand, but not a piece of noble metal in the form of coin.

I packed together my propertie, which the sheriff would not probably find sufficient to cover the laundry bill for two collars and one handkerchief. Having fastened on the back the blankets, I started to walk to some town in the Saskatchewan Valley, where according to our present financial system I could exchange my performed work for a piece of paper, the possession of which would open for me the hearts of bartenders, grocers, clothiers, restaurant-keepers and such.

To walk the distance of 87 miles may be a trifle for a Russian army's officer, who hearing the Japanese "banzai" is able to run away few thousand miles, but it seemed pretty hard to me.

As it was a new railroad line, the settlements were very scarce, and the only sleeping accommodations for travelers was the largest-in-the-world-hotel, "Open Prairies."

It was the most proper hotel for my fashionable clothes and financial situation. However, it did not protect from moskitos, grass hoppers which runs races on my face, gophers, which tried to find out the taste of my hair or moustache, and from the rain.

I suppose that for this four days walk the Lord forgave me more sins than he would even for the pilgrimage by foot from Halifax to the Pope's Capitol.

Yours respectably,

LOUIS KON.

THE TOWN THAT TOPSEYED

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Weiga of Temagami," Etc.

WHAT follows is not a "story." It is not a "general article." It is a series of snapshots of life —the life of a town.

It was in the late "fifties" that General Denver camped at the mouth of a little stream that crept across the cactus-covered plain and emptied its short measure into the Platte some sixty miles east of Pike's Peak. He planted a cherry seed and called the little stream Cherry Creek. Other pilgrims passing that way called it "Denver's Camp." The camp grew and they called it Denver City. When it became a city, they cut it down to Denver.

General Denver died. His town went on; it never boomed—it just Topseyed. The life of a boom is measured by months, and it seldom runs over a year.

Eight years ago the writer went to Winnipeg for the first time, tried all the hotels, and finally returned to the first, sleeping on a cot in the front hall. Winnipeg was at that time just beginning to grow. Each season since, I have gone out again, and, until lately, had to wire ahead, or put up with inferior accommodations. The city had been growing at the rate of ten thousand a year, and the hotels did not grow with the city.

An hotel and railway station combined has been built by the Canadian Pacific at a cost of two million dollars. Then the terminals of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern will cost three millions, and as the Grand Trunk management have decided to build hotels, they too will have one at Winnipeg that certainly will not be the least in the Canadian west.

There is probably not another city in the wide world to-day that is growing as Winnipeg is growing, and where is the city with such a future in front of it? Enthusiastic writers have named Winnipeg the Chicago of Canada, the gateway to the west, the front door to the world's great granary, and it seems to deserve all this and more. It is the big end of the hopper through which now flow millions and through which within the next few years will flow annually hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat to the outside markets of the world. Even as I write, half a million bushels go out of Winnipeg every twenty-four hours; fifteen millions a month, and in that same short time a thousand strangers come and settle within her city limits, and a million dollars' worth of new buildings are added to the taxable property of this western metropolis.

Were it not for the fact that this wonderful development has been going on for years, we should call this a boom. Don't think that you can "get rich quick" on Winnipeg real estate. My notion is that city property is high enough now, when you come to contemplate the scale of this "far-flung" city. Main Street is one hundred and thirty feet wide, and as long as a sleigh track. It winds gracefully through the city as some of the streets of London do, and is not monotonous. Only yesterday it was the trail over which the trappers brought their furs to old Fort Garry. To-day, store-rooms on this old trail rent for $2,000.00 a year.

Yesterday, Portage Avenue was a similar trail, leading in from the west that was then a wilderness shunned by all save the trappers and the Hudson's Bay Company. To-day, this broad boulevarded and asphalted avenue boasts a department store that covers a city block. Winnipeg bank clearings

have already reached ten millions a week—doubled in a year.

It is at Winnipeg that immigrants break bulk. It is also the distributing point for the thousands of harvest hands that come in from the south and east to help in handling the harvest. It is the greatest grain market in the world, for dealing in options is not buying wheat. It is merely guessing what the price of wheat will be on some future day. The outlook for Winnipeg as a city is certainly far more promising to-day than the outlook of Chicago was fifty years ago. And what of the territory tributary to Winnipeg? It reaches from the boundary to the snow-hung, fur-bearing forests of the north; from Lake Superior to the foot of the Rockies; for little or nothing goes in or comes out without paying tribute to the great prairie city.

It took years for Winnipeg to live down the disgrace of her first premature boom. Even to this day men shake their heads and say, "Look at my neighbor. He went broke in the other boom!" To-day the men engaged in the development of the northwest do not desire a boom. They would be the first to deplore a revival of the insane practices of holding open-air auction sales of Winnipeg lots in the market places of Ontario towns that are old enough to know better. That is what they did twenty years ago, and they damn the country to this day because they lost money on lots that may have lain in a swamp or in the Assiniboine River.

But these very ones are being forgotten, are ignored in the rush of things. Whoever hesitates in this present-day movement is going to be left, for it will not wait. What was the march of empire yesterday is the Canadian quickstep of to-day. The Canadian West is a moving picture show, and Winnipeg has the centre of the stage. The city is full of heroic rich men, who had the grit to stay with a bad bargain and win out. These are not the type so often found in the west—the vulgar, pay-dirt millionaires who charter special trains and paint red streaks across the continent to drown their disappointment in drink when they discover that they are not noticed in New York. They are serious, sober business men, who have faith in their city, and are helping to build it up. Many of them have moved from the two-story shop to the six-story wholesale house. They are growing with the city that is growing up with the country. It is the sort of city to appeal to the average optimistic Anglo-Saxon. It has the speed of the west and all the ear-marks of a metropolis in the making.

Taking the gloomiest view possible of Winnipeg, her promise is still fair. One, even two, utter failures of the wheat crop would only check for a moment the wonderful growth of wonderful Winnipeg—a possibility sometimes put forth by the pessimist. Therefore, I see no reason why Winnipeg should stop short of a million of population, and if I keep my health, I expect to see it at least as large as Chicago is to-day. It has as large and just as rich a territory to feed on. Moreover, it is the gateway. In addition to her other geographical advantages, Winnipeg is the great halfway house on three great transcontinental highways, and tens of thousands of tourists will tarry within her gates, buy souvenir postcards and prairie lands. The new-made capital of the prairie province is also the northern terminus of the "Soo," the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. It holds the "Mother House" of the Hudson's Bay Company

Winnipeg is the great watering place for outward bound beef steers that are coming up from Southern Alberta in ever-increasing numbers, and will soon be coming down the Grand Trunk from Western Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta.

As to her morals, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Frank Carpenter, the well-known American journalist, who wrote recently: "It is a God-fearing, orderly, Sabbath-observing, church-going municipality." In all my travels I have never seen a city of the size of Winnipeg with so few surface indications of sin. Over against this expert evidence you must set the testimony of "Ralph Connor," the preacher-author, who says in substance that "Winnipeg is a dead-tough town."

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr Hough presents a frank picture of the slums of London, with their densely packed and hopeless poor He holds that while the new lands of the world, and especially of Canada, furnish the only hope for overcrowded England, they should be settled under a "clean and sane policy of colonization" To the church and philanthropic societies of England he addresses a protest against the indiscriminate shipment in large numbers of unemployed and helpless slum dwellers, who could only perish on the land or drift to the Canadian cities. He suggests instead a careful selection of those fitted to become desirable settlers, and a plan by which they might be placed in newly settled neighborhoods, among experienced farmers, where they can themselves develop into farmers. He contends that England owes a vital duty to Canada in sending out people of better quality, and argues that Canada should insist upon that duty being discharged, whether England likes it or not. In support of his position, he quotes fully from a report of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, in which that official describes immigration conditions, and contends that immigrants were sent over by London charitable societies, without control, the cost of their transportation presumably being paid in every case He cites other authorities and considers the changes requisite to be enforced by Canada, and the type of immigrant that may benefit at once the country and themselves by coming here. The author then cites the threefold movement of population westward, city-ward, and the resurge back to the land, with Canada in the midst of the westward movement, but held back by the pressure toward the great cities.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

In 1896 the Canadian Pacific Railway passed its dividends, and its stock went down to fifty. Look at the quotations now. By the difference you may measure what has gone forward in little more than a decade.

Before 1896 Canada had not patented two million acres of land. Since then she has patented *twenty-two and a half millions of acres*. In his speech of March 20, 1908, Mr. Sifton addressed a different world than that which listened to him two years earlier. He said: "I think I need not apologize to this House for directing attention to western affairs, because I think we have arrived at the conclusion that the prosperity of the whole of Canada depends very largely upon the prosperity of that section....I think there is nobody who is familiar with the facts of the case that will say there is any doubt that the immigrants we have received from the western States have been in almost every case of the most unexceptional character, and have contributed very greatly to the development of our western country. I do not think any country could possibly get a better class of settlers than the western American settlers who have come here to our western provinces. They are vigorous, resourceful, law-abiding. They become citizens the day they arrive in the country, and at the earliest possible moment they become producers."

As yet greater earnest of his belief in Western Canada and its development, the same speaker went on to ask for the throwing open to homesteaders of thirty million acres more of land. He said: "I am satisfied that the result of throwing these lands open for homestead entry, would be at once to double the stream of immigration from the United States, and I venture the suggestion that if it were done, we should not hear after six months from

the opening of these lands for entry, any more about dull times or lack of confidence in that western country."

The opinion of this statesman of Western Canada therefore admits of no doubt. He believes in inviting the immigration of the fit, the strong, those for whom success in a new country is practically fore-assured. This is the policy which has established Canada in her fine new house, with new furniture, new servants, a better average daily table. *But what of the guests that now come to this wider door?* Here are those who did not find the door of the dingy apartment three flights up, where Canada lately lived. What of this stream of visitors from the cities of the Old World, coming to compete with the hardest competition that could be devised for them? It is right for Canada that this competition should be hard, folly for it to be otherwise. It is right for the policy of the government to have waiting for these weak, these others, strong, fit, hardy, experienced, able to push all weak men back from the coveted success. These sturdy western settlers will, if left alone, at once take the measure of all new come slum dwellers; if left alone, they will enforce the laws of nature; until in time they, having built up the flowering of a splendid civilization, will in turn be forced to give room to some sort of human plant which can stand starving better than themselves.

Now, can we begin to see some justice in even the most unwelcome of these statements heading our chapter? Can we see soberness on the face of the owner of Canada's new mansion house? Ah, behold Canada's poor relations flocking to visit her in her new house! Here come Canada's country cousins from the Old World cities! What shall she do with so many of the very poor, the products of bad human environment, men who are not fit to make their living? Canada suggests they go out into the garden and set to work; but the bread line in Toronto last winter shows that many of these poor cousins either could not or would not work. She asks them to go to the woodpile and saw wood to earn a meal; they reply by saying that they do not know how to saw or split wood. Thank God, Canada has plenty of snow to shovel! Thank God, she still has railroads building, to offer labour opportunity! But some time all the railroads will be built. Who will own them? The men who can do nothing but shovel snow? Perhaps not.

It is the problem of government to get these poor relations out into the garden at work, where they can raise something. But we have seen that thus far government, plus charity, plus politics, plus race prejudice, plus all animosities and narrowness, has not been able to devise any plan better than the old one of letting the strong survive. What is going to be the result of *that*, if it be not modified? The poor relations will shovel snow; but gradually the outline and the color of Canada's flag will change. *She asks that, and invites that.* But what shall she do for these poor? That problem is now far bigger than the one ten years ago, of settling the supposed western desert. The latter problem was cared for on business lines minus human kindness. The newer one can only find settlement by business *plus* human kindness.

Shall Canada keep her new house in the old American way, in the old English way? The poor of all the nations of the world are waiting for her answer. The armies of socialism on both sides the sea, in every nation of the world, wait for her answer. The revolutionists of the world, one side or other of the sea, wait for her answer.

Canada, in her new house, must frame some answer founded on business and on human kindness *both*, not on business alone. Her cousins are thronging up the walk, idle cousins, weak and unfit cousins, lazy cousins, bigoted cousins; and, worst of all, so very many honest cousins who have never yet in all the world had a decent man's chance to do something for himself and for his family.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A GOVERNMENT MINISTER

IN ONE of his poems, Victor Hugo pictures the Satyr of Mount Olympus

rising before the assembly of the gods. When they revile him, he answers with defiance. At last he takes from them their instruments of music, and plays before them. Spaciousness comes into his form. The immensity of the worlds arises in his being, and overthrows the throne of Jupiter.

A Socialist writer asks: "Now, is not Socialism this Satyr? Feeble, like him, at first, hairy, despised, behold him growing. He seizes the flute of Mercury. He grasps Apollo's lyre. He rises before those who count themselves immortal, and soon, his foot upon the throne, he, in the fullness of his power, cries out: 'All must give way. I am Pan!' "

We need not agree with all the conclusions of Socialism, but we may all agree that Socialism is the spectre of Europe to-day; that in time it will come to be the spectre of this New World. Why?

There are two answers. The first lies in our own industrial misdeeds. The second bases itself on the great truth that the message of the earth finds no voice in the estates of any aristocracy or the wealth of any millionaire. The purpose of the world was to *develop mankind*. Let us not revile this Satyr. He may grow too large for us one day. Let us not be Socialists, but let us none the less subscribe to the doctrine that some Socialism and some Religion and some Philanthropy have very much the same common denominator.

It was Honorable Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior for the Dominion Government, who declared that, all theories and problems aside, "the main purpose of any government ought to be to do good for the world". No one who knows the Minister of the Interior would venture to ascribe to him any Socialistic leanings. It is the function of any government official to act as a pillar for society as we now know it. But that there is a grave question remaining unsettled even in government circles, may be proved out of the mouth of the Minister of the Interior himself.

One high in power may be kind of heart as well as wise of head. He must be ambitious for his own country's future; yet he cannot put aside his conviction that the purpose of that country ought to be *to do good for the world*. Here, then, is our problem. It is the conflict of the soft heart and the hard head. How can these two be reconciled?

As to the hardheadedness of the Minister of the Interior, there is no room for argument. His quality as one fit to survive is evidenced in his life's story. He came from the Canadian West by route of his own making. He lived the hard life of the prairies, and the conditions of that life offered him no fanciful theories. He knows his facts when he states any opinion as to policies concerning Western Canada. He has had very much to do with opening up the new lands of Western Canada; and never in his own country or in the republic to the south of Canada has he hesitated to express his belief as to the proper sort of citizenship, *if the welfare of Canada is to be considered*. He has openly encouraged the immigration of American farmers, because he has attached practical value to the demonstration they make of Western Canada's possibilities. He has set the Davidson type of practical farmer as the measure of the citizen desired for Canada. A product of the west himself, master of many stages in a western career, he knows what a man out there must be if he is to win. He knows that it is not the weakling who will win, and he has openly declared that what he wants is the best and strongest farmers of the world to come out and actually to farm. He has been against assisted city immigration. What he would like as an individual is of no consequence. What he would prefer as an officer of the government admits of no doubt.

For our present purpose, it will serve to take up the known preferences of the Minister of the Interior. Even a less shrewd and able man than he could not have failed to see the evils of massed shipments of incompetents. Many of these assisted poor have turned out well, have secured work in Canada, and can now look forward to a life of comparative comfort. But for all that,

the Government of the Dominion is sternly set on the proposition that the function of Canada in the world is *not* to furnish solution of London's problem of the unemployed poor. A publication inspired by the government at Ottawa has long ago pointed out the fact that many interested in assisting immigration have been more concerned with the welfare of England than that of Canada.

The Oliver theory is that of the success of the strong and self-reliant. It is that sort of success which he himself embodies. How, then, as an official of Canada could he approve plans whose aim and object is the selection of the *most unfit* citizenship for Canada? Has hasty philanthropy ever stopped to ponder on the extreme accuracy of such a statement as the foregoing? Has it stopped to reflect on the time and money which has been spent in selecting for Canada *the very choicest specimens of undesirables?*

No attempt is made to assist the emigration of the man who is in work, no matter how fit he may be for Canada, no matter how ambitious and efficient. *That* is the very man Canada ought to have; but unless he comes of his own initiative, he *does not come at all.* It is only a man who is *out of work* who becomes an object of solicitude to the emigration societies. But *what threw* him out of work? In all likelihood, he is out of work because he is weak, inefficient or intemperate. These are qualifications for *dismissal* from employment in England. They are alike qualifications for *dismissal* from the citizenship of Canada.

Yet it is precisely from that class that Canada is offered her citizenship; and *commanded* to take it, whether or not she likes it, because it is for the good of England!

Under the present emigration law little supervision is possible for Canada over this collection work in England. That work is carried on by men who have no interests at stake, and who in many instances have had no experience in estimating the interests of others. Their labors are confined to the field of the *unfit.* Canada is calling all the time for good farmer material to come out and help her. She gets her answer in thousands who *never saw* a farm. What would a practical man from the western plains of Canada feel in regard to this—knowing as he must the stern requirements of life in the west, knowing also the danger of the de-Britishizing of Western Canada? He cannot consult the softness of his heart. Out of the hardness of his head he must say that Canada may not be used as British dumping ground merely for the sake of calling it British.

How, then, can Canada do the greatest good to the world? Ah, *now* we begin to close in upon our little question, to drive it into a corner. Thus far we have done little more than see how high are the walls which fence it in, how inexorable are its delimitations. One function of an author is to collect facts, viewpoints, theories; to report many different men fairly and intelligently as he may. We have undertaken to do that here. Perhaps thus we may gain additional validity for any conclusion which may later be ventured. Certainly it ought to be our purpose finally to conclude that the joint utterances of the Minister of the Interior need not be called wholly cryptic or wholly irreconcilable. We ought to be able to devise some plan—although no such plan ever yet has been suggested by public official or private citizen, so far as known,—*by which Canada can do the most good for Canada, and yet do the most good for the world.*

(To be continued)

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S BARQUE, "OCEAN NYMPH," AT ANCHOR BEFORE YORK FACTORY

SURVEYING THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

BY ISAAC COWIE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE ocean being the international highway of the world, a country with a seaboard is on the earth's great thoroughfare, ready for business with all nations. Every city, every nation, ancient and modern, which has arisen to the zenith of commercial power and glory, attained that envied position by doing business on the great waters. To reach this great front street of the world nations have fought for a way, and millions have been expended on gigantic engineering works to approach it.

Perhaps no nation of to-day has expended so much money and ability, and these so advantageously, on its internal waterways as the German Empire. There, with characteristic scientific precision, it is calculated that the capacity of one horse to haul at the rate of three miles per hour is:

On a level road.	.	2 Tons
On a railroad. .		15 "
On a waterway—From	.	60 "
To	.	100 "

And, consequently four-fifths of Germany's inland freight trade is by waterway, instead of by railway This cheap freight rate accounts for so many things being "Made in Germany", and for their being sold so cheaply in markets beyond the seas

Projected into the heart of Northeastern Canada is a great gulf of the Atlantic Ocean, Hudson Bay, as safely navigable during many months of the year as the Baltic in Europe, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence in America. And within seven hundred miles of this arm of the Atlantic lie the fertile prairies of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, with no physical cause or impediment intervening to prevent the construction of a railway of the easiest gradients. In fact, following nature's drainages down hill from the prairie to the sea, train loads might be run by the force of gravity alone over many miles of the way; thus facilitating the movement of bulky and heavy produce requiring cheap transportation. "All along the river valleys to be followed are numerous water-falls, the power of which, converted into electric energy, would operate the trains with ease and economy; besides affording unbounded force to convert the raw grain into flour, and other finished products."

Whilst the ocean has been lying waiting to bear the argosies of golden grain across its bosom, and easy grades

S. S. NEPTUNE IN PORT AT HUDSON STRAIT

invite the construction of the iron road to it, the grain production of the prairies has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and has overtaxed the capacity of the railway companies to carry it to that other great and wonderful inland water route, from the head of Lake Superior to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

That the greatest girth of the earth is at the equator, and that this girth rapidly diminishes towards the poles are facts known to every school child, and yet we are apt to forget this rudimentary knowledge, and to be astonished when we are told that the western shore of Hudson Bay, which lies almost directly north of the west end of Lake Superior, is as near Liverpool as is the port of Montreal, and, therefore, that the whole distance between Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, and Montreal would be saved by a cargo of grain shipped for Liverpool at Churchill, on the west shore of Hudson Bay.

But this is not all. The centre of the great grain-growing plains in Saskatchewan lies much nearer to Hudson Bay than to Lake Superior. For instance, were two trains of grain, consigned for Liverpool, to start at the same time from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and one train to go straight to Hudson Bay, and the other by the present route, via Winnipeg to Lake Superior, then by the time the one had reached Winnipeg on its way to Lake Superior (still 430 miles distant), the other would be at Churchill, and as near Liverpool as Montreal. In fact, the whole distance between Winnipeg and Montreal would be saved by the Hudson Bay route.

It has been calculated by competent persons that, from the western prairies to Liverpool, via Churchill, wheat will be sent at ten cents a bushel, and cattle at $15.00 a head less than by the present routes. That would mean an average additional profit of about $2.00 per acre to the farmer on his wheat; thereby adding at least $10 an acre to the productive value of his land. On a crop of 100,000,000 bushels, if shipped by the Bay, a saving of $10,000,000 per annum would be effected. But even if its capacity at first were not so great, its existence would compel a reduction of existing freight rates.

The route is no new thing, but a very old one. It has been discarded, and for a time almost buried in oblivion. But old natural routes when abandoned have ever a way of reasserting their importance as times and conditions change.

From the time of the formation of

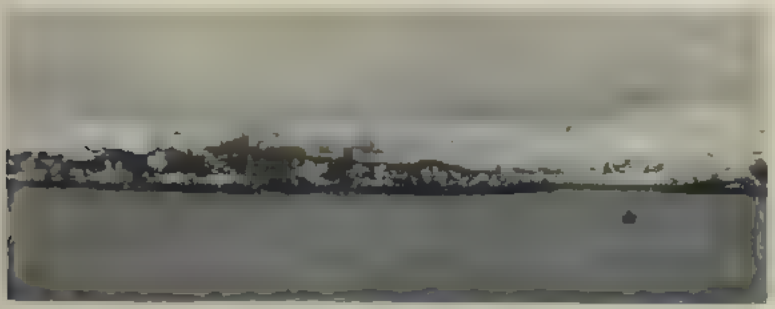
RUINS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES

the Hudson Bay Company of London, in 1670, down to date their ships have made annual voyages to Hudson Bay; and after the North West Company of Montreal united with it in 1821, their trade, diverted from Montreal, flowed through the same channel. Up to the time of the transfer of Rupert's Land to Canada in 1870, York Factory was the seaport at which was received all supplies of British origin required for the districts now known as Keewatin, the North West Territories and the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. From York, too, were shipped the valuable return cargoes of rich furs and peltries, collected at the isolated Indian trading posts of the interior, and brought down by canoe and rowboat to the sea.

WESTERN ENTRANCE HUDSON STRAIT

If the exports were destined for the luxurious uses of beauty and fashion, the imports were such as came within the requirements of the simple and Spartan life led by the inhabitants of the Great Lone Land. The country was then merely the abode of nomadic hunters and trappers, who lived and moved out of doors, wresting subsistence from wild nature, aided in the struggle only by such articles of civilized make as an axe, a knife, a file, a fire steel, a trap, and a gun and ammunition, with some fish net and snaring twine. These, the irreducible minimum, were supplemented by such desirable, but not absolutely essential, articles, as copper kettles, frying pans, blankets, shirts, trousers and capotes. Given these, a man in Rupert's Land was amply able to wrest from nature food and furs.

The vast wilderness of the interior thus sparsely peopled by natives with few artificial wants, by a few white traders scattered far and wide at the inland posts, and by an occasional missionary, all living on the produce of net and gun, and occasionally that of a small garden, required little from the great world of civilization. The cargo of a ship not over 500 tons burden, supplemented about every three years by the cargo of another small vessel, was sufficient for their annual supply. While, on the other hand, the precious return of furs was both in bulk and weight much too small to even ballast the ship on her homeward voyage.



NEAR SOUTH EASTERN ENTRANCE HUDSON STRAIT, PORT BURWELL, JUST INSIDE CAPE CHIDLEY

Consequently, with only one ship required yearly, and its arrival timed to receive the furs brought down to the factory up to the middle of Septem-

ber, there was no need of attempting to make more than one voyage in the season; and it came to be believed by outsiders that this one trip was all that the climatic conditions of the Straits and Bay would permit—a supposition which the Hudson Bay Company did not discourage, and which in all probability many of its people themselves came to believe.

During the early days of Canadian rule in the West, the great and absorbing question was railway connection with the south and east. After these had been provided, first from the south, and afterwards by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Montreal, for some years no one thought of the old Hudson Bay route. Then, about twenty years ago, there arose a violent agitation to build a railway to Hudson Bay as the panacea for all ills from which the farmers suffered. People went crazy over its possibilities—and impossibilities—claiming the straits and bay to be easily navigable by ordinary ocean tramps all the year round, "and longer too," shouted an enthusiast at one of the frequent meetings. And so the route was damned, but not by faint praise.

At that time, and indeed for many years afterwards, the railways already in operation had not sufficient traffic to justify the expense of opening the Hudson Bay route. For this requires not only a railway, but also all sorts of government aids to navigation to render it available to navigators, without the special knowledge and traditions (including charts) acquired and kept as professional personal secrets by the old captains regularly frequenting the bay.

Accordingly, past and present administrations at Ottawa, at first perhaps merely to allay the outcry, but latterly meaning business, sent out several surveying and exploring expeditions, all of which added more or less to the needful knowledge. Finally, now in the fulness of time, with sufficient accumulated information and experience acquired by its own officials, the government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, urged so to do by the ever-increasing production of the prairies, has decided to build the road to the magnificent harbour of Churchill on Hudson Bay, to provide wharfs and storage there, and to establish lighthouses and other aids to navigation along the route.

So prodigious is the present and prospective production of the prairies, owing to continually growing settlement and cultivation, that long ere the Grand Trunk Pacific and Hudson Bay Railways are completed, their ability to move the crops will hardly meet the requirements of the West.

Naturally, the route does not find much favour with the little Canadians in the east, who think that all western grist should pass through their mill, forgetting that a prosperous west means a prosperous east also. There are also others who sincerely doubt the availability of the route. But all these doubts must be set at rest by the splendid summary of the reports of other government experts, such as Dr. Robert Bell, the well-known scientist, and the result of his own personal experience, extending over a number of years, given by Mr. A. P. Low, Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, in his interesting book, "The Cruise of the Neptune," 1906. He says: "There is no natural difficulty in the navigation of the bay and strait so far as depth of water, presence of obstructions and width of channel are concerned, and if situated in a more southern region the route would be an ideal one for the navigator. . . . . Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay do not freeze solid, but are so covered with masses of floating ice as to be practically unnavigable for at least seven months in the year. The ice does not begin to melt until well into the month of June, and is not sufficiently melted for safe navigation with ordinary steamers until the middle of July. No ice is formed in the strait and bay sufficiently heavy to obstruct ordinary navigation until the latter part of November. . . . . The period of safe navigation for *ordinary iron steamships* through Hudson Strait and across Hudson Bay to the port of Churchill, may be taken to extend from the 20th July to the 1st of November. This period might be increased without much risk by a week

in the beginning of the season and by perhaps two weeks at the close."

Admitting that the route by the bay opens two months later than that by Lake Superior, still by reason of the thousand miles of distance saved, and on account of its being on the ocean itself, on which all freight carriers can come and go, the capacity of the bay route is very much greater than that by the lakes and canals. During at least four months of the year the strait and bay can be safely navigated by all such vessels as frequent, without undue risk, the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

As the reader may ask what do I know about it, except from published reports, I may tell him that I have been there myself. On 2nd July, 1867, I sailed from Stromness, Scotland, for York Factory, on the Hudson's Bay Company's barque, "Prince Rupert." The ship was protected against ice in the usual manner of Arctic vessels, and was a very clumsy, slow-sailing craft. We sighted Cape Farewell, Greenland, on the 16th of the month, and Cape Resolution at the eastern entrance of Hudson Strait on the 23rd. There we saw a number of icebergs (not more than I have since seen on the Belle Isle-St. Lawrence route), but after getting into the strait we saw no more bergs, encountering nothing but loose ice, which only impeded our way when the wind was unfavorable. About half way through the strait this loose ice also disappeared. On the 3rd of August, when off Charles Island, we spoke the American whaling barque, "St. Andrew's," of New Bedford, returning from a short cruise she had made that summer in the bay. On the 4th of August, we ran out of the strait, and, crossing the bay without seeing any ice, on the 12th, cast anchor off York Factory. This was considered an ordinary passage. Owing to the absence of ice and the prevalence of strong north-westerly winds in autumn, a usual passage from York Factory to London docks is three weeks, and the run has often been made by the old sailing ships in a fortnight. So, the distance to Liverpool being much shorter than that by Land's End and up the English Channel to London, ordinary steam freighters would easily reach Liverpool in two weeks.

From "The Hudson Bay Route," a pamphlet issued by the Department of the Interior of the Dominion of Canada, 1907:

RAIL DISTANCES TO CHURCHILL AND MONTREAL.

From:	To: Montreal.	Churchill.	Differ.
Winnipeg.....	1,422	945	477
Brandon.....	1,555	940	615
Regina*.....	1,780	774	1,006
Medicine Hat* .	2,080	1,076	1,006
Calgary*.....	2,262	1,256	1,006
Prince Albert...	1,958	717	1,241
Battleford.....	1,994	876	1,118
Saskatoon.....	1,924	806	1,118
Edmonton.....	2,247	1,129	1,118

* By direct line from Regina to Etoimami.

Average saving in rail transportation, 967 miles

	Nautical Miles
Distance from Churchill to Liverpool.....	2,946
From Montreal to Liverpool by Belle Isle	2,761
From Montreal to Liverpool by Cape Race.....	2,927

ENTRANCE TO DOUGLAS HARBOR, SOUTH SIDE HUDSON STRAIT.

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month. Grace Williamson Willett, the dramatic critic, and Hugh Stuart Campbell will perform this service. Mr Campbell will contribute a portrait sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production. This month we have selected "The New Lady Bantock" by Jerome K. Jerome.—THE EDITOR.

THE NEW LADY BANTOCK

THE sunset of an early spring day filled with a cheerful light the gold and brown boudoir prepared for the new Lady Bantock.

The elder Miss Wetherell and the younger Miss Wetherell nodded their pretty white heads in approbation of the cordial welcome expressed by the room.

"She married him thinking him to be plain Mr. Wetherell, an artist. I like that, dear," said the elder Miss Wetherell, determined for her part to create a happy outlook upon the marriage of their nephew.

"She must be clever. She has been a hit in Paris a whole season. And you know, dear, how critical Paris audiences are," confided the younger Miss Wetherell.

"She is of good family, dear, Vernon writes," vouchsafed the elder Miss Wetherell, just as if the two sweet old souls had not read this particularly encouraging item together and spread it over the country. "Her uncle is a bishop in New Zealand, and a cousin is a judge of the supreme court in Ohio."

The younger Miss Wetherell stood in front of the fireplace, gazing up at the portrait by Romney of the first Lady Bantock, the noble and renowned Constance, friend and confidant of the elder Pitt, maker of history. The two Misses Wetherell hung the portrait here to keep an eye upon the new Lady Bantock and remind her of family traditions. May be she would not prove as impossible of amending as they feared

A hasty hand on the door caused the two old ladies to turn. In another moment Vernon was hugging them like a boy.

Behind him advanced a very natural young person in a very fashionable gown and hat.

"I hope you are going to like me," she said, as if she were confident of their friendship.

The natural roses and healthy eyes under the vivid plumes won the gentle old ladies

"My dear, I am sure we shall. It is so easy to love the young and pretty,"

warmly replied the elder Miss Wetherell

"I'm glad you think I'm pretty," answered Fanny, removing her heavy velvet coat with Vernon's assistance. "As a matter of fact, I'm not. There's a certain piquancy about me I admit. It deceives people."

"She met me a month ago and married me last week," Vernon proudly surveyed her as if she were the *chef d'oeuvre* of an artist.

"It was quick work," laughed Fanny. "He came, he saw,—*I* conquered."

"You are quite sure you will never regret having given up the stage -the excitement," urged Vernon. As yet he had not told her of his rank.

"The excitement! Do you know what an actress' life always seemed to me to be? Dancing on a tight rope with everybody throwing stones at you. One soon gets tired of that sort of excitement. Oh, I was never in love with the stage. Had to do something for a living."

"Your relatives, dear," gently suggested the elder Miss Wetherell.

"I don't want to talk about my relatives," replied Fanny, briskly. "It was to get away from all that crew that I went on the stage. I stood them for nearly six months."

The door discreetly opened and closed. Bennett, the butler, advanced

Vernon at the fireplace, and the two old ladies on the sofa, did not see Fanny's expression as she caught sight of him. She raised herself from the chair as if an unpleasantly familiar vision drew her irresistibly. Bennett, at first startled, controlled himself and greeted Lord Bantock with his usual passivity.

The family of Bennetts had served Bantock Hall for generations. Indeed, from the impressive butler to the dairy maid's helper, every servant on the place was a Bennett, loyal, industrious, religiously efficient.

"Tell cook to serve dinner later than usual, Bennett," said the elder Miss Wetherell. "Her ladyship must have time to dress." And the two old ladies withdrew with soft kisses on Fanny's cheek

Alone together, Fanny seized Lord Bantock by both shoulders. "Vernon, where am I?"

"Home, dear!"

"Yes, yes, but where?" she demanded, rather wildly.

Probably she was overcome by the magnificence of her new home. Now was the time to break the news to her.

"Bantock Hall, Ruthlanshire," he replied.

"Bantock Hall," she cried, aghast. Then she clung to him, pleading incoherently that he love her for herself alone, that her family should not make any difference.

He held her close. "I should have loved you had you been a beggar maid. I married you because you were the most fascinating, the most lovable, the most wonderful little woman in the world. However," he admitted, "I found out that yours was a very nice family—an uncle who is a bishop in New Zealand, a cousin a senator in Ohio."

"Who told you that?" she demanded, in a hard tone.

"Your manager."

Then the truth flashed upon her. George Newes, in his exuberant advertising ability, had made her out as desirable a match as possible. Would Lord Bantock have married her if he had known the real situation? His caresses did not assuage her torturing uncertainty.

Then Vernon left her to dress for dinner, and the butler again entered, closing the door softly,

Fanny faced him defiantly. "Well, uncle, what are you going to do?"

"That, my girl, will depend upon you, whether you prove an easy or difficult subject. To fit you for your new position a certain amount of training will, I fancy, be necessary."

"And who is to do the training?"

"I am. With the assistance of your aunt and such other members of your family as I consider can be trusted. I am old-fashioned enough to think of my duty to those I serve. If his lordship has done me the honor to marry my niece, the least I can do is to see that she brings no discredit to his name.

"He loves me as I am. He was tired of the colorless puppets in his own class," cried Fanny, indignantly.

"I won't submit to lackey training."

"At twenty-two, boys like unconventionality. Men don't. They've learnt its true name, vulgarity. Do you think I've stood behind English society for forty years without learning about it? What you call a colorless puppet is what *we* call an English lady. And that you've got to learn to be. You talk of lackeys. If your mother came from a family of lackeys there would be no hope for you. With her blood in your veins the thing can be done. We Bennetts," the old man seemed even straighter with majesty, "we *serve*. We are not lackeys."

Fanny's strongest inclination was to confess to Vernon at once. She had spent six months with the Bennetts after her mother's death, but had never been inside Bantock Hall before. But Vernon might not forgive her for her manager's deception. His ideas of caste were as strict as those of all of his class. After all, as Bennett suggested, no harm and much good might accrue from a delay.

"Well," Fanny asked, with a humble courtesy, though her tone was hostile. "Do I dine with his lordship or in the servants' hall?"

"Still the' same impertinence!"

"I only wanted to know," naughtily, "my only desire is to give satisfaction."

* * * * *

In spite of Fanny's vigorous resolutions to submit gratefully to her relatives training, she was in disgrace with them by the next afternoon. They called her "the family cross," and Aunt Selina came to teach her her prayers. Jane Bennett, her cousin, an austere, heavy-faced woman, appointed by Bennett, because of her religious qualifications, to be her ladyship's maid, packed away Fanny's Paris gowns and insisted that she dress as did her late ladyship, in seemly stiff black silk, tight bodice, huge bustle, and a waterfall of curls confined by a blue ribbon—"Jane's idea of style". Fanny was in the difficult position of following her late ladyship. *She* appeared to have been exceptionally seemly. Now, Fanny happened to be two persons. Either she was an angel or else—the other thing. She resolved to go on being an angel until it became physically impossible. And then—well, then, she couldn't help it, could she?

Every move she made conflicted with traditions hedging the conduct of a Lady Bantock. When she wanted to drive with Vernon, Bennett informed her respectfully that it was the custom of the Lady Bantock when in residence to remain home on Wednesday for possible callers. When George Newes, her former manager, came to see her, Bennett resolutely kept him below stairs as his white pot hat, tasselled cane and enormous cigar were not indicative of a suitable associate for her ladyship.

"What have I done," Fanny bemoaned. "Married into a family that keeps twenty-three servants, every one of whom is a near relation of my own. They honestly think that Providence has put it into their hands to turn me out a passable substitute for all a Lady Bantock should be; which, so far as I can understand, is something between the late Queen of Sheba and Goody-Two-Shoes. They're the people I ran away from—the people I said I'd rather starve than ever go back to. And here I am, plumped down in the midst of them again—for life. Surely the Bennetts are more like Vernon's friends than servants. Honoria, Grace, are pretty, healthy, and have better manners than most ladies. But a man doesn't marry into his own kitchen." She looked wistfully at the portrait of the first Lady Bantock. "I wonder what you would have done if you had got yourself into a first-class muddle. Oh, dear, I wish you could talk!"

* * * * *

The climax of Bennett's displeasure came the same afternoon. "Our Empire," the chorus girls with whom Fanny had played all over Europe, chancing to be in a neighboring town, drove over to call. Bennett refused to allow the "overdressed females" to enter. For the first time, even if it were for the last time also, Fanny asserted herself as mistress of her own home. Quietly, with unmistakable authority, she ordered Bennett to usher her friends upstairs.

Headed by "England," the girls

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

FANNY WARD

The English actress wh[illegible] has bee[illegible] s[illegible] ssste[illegible] U[illegible] s[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] K[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

entered, laughing, crowding, jostling one another. They swarmed over the room, eyeing the furniture.

Fanny ordered champagne for them Bennett protested that the key to the wine cellar was mislaid.

"You will find it quickly," commanded Lady Bantock. "And bring fresh tea and cakes."

A procession of Bennetts, headed by the butler, obeyed her orders with ceremony and alacrity, but with inward astonishment

The champagne suffused "Our Empire" with impertinence. "England" chucked old Bennett under the chin. "Scotland" imitated his stately walk to the boisterous appreciation of the party. "Canada" made the dignified old piano keys canter to ragtime.

"Do your old stunt, dear," "Ireland" suggested to Fanny, in languishing affection.

Nothing loath, she caught up her train and began the simple song and dance that had brought her fame on the Paris boulevards, "Meet Me in Rose-Time, Rosie."

"Our Empire" volunteered the ballet delightedly.

Fanny seized her carroty-headed cousin, the footman, by the arm and insisted that he cakewalk with her across the room Old Bennett watched her in passive horror.

Suddenly one of the girls discovered the lateness of the hour. The frolic relaxed abruptly as they made their adieux to catch a train, promising eagerly to come a Sunday and spend the day.

Vernon and the aunts returned as "Our Empire" departed. Vernon had met Newes on the way and brought him back to dinner.

"May I have a word alone with you, Lady Bantock?" Bennett said, in presence of them all, choking with indignation.

"Haven't time," Fanny replied, brusquely, rebellion hot within her. "Neither to-day, to-morrow, nor next month."

"You know the alternative." He turned to Vernon. "May I have a word with you, sir, in private?"

"Certainly," Vernon looked perplexed. "If it is very important."

Fanny had thrown off once for all her fear of Bennett's judgment. Even if she lost Vernon's love, she would no longer submit to being bullied. "One moment. What I have to say may render that interview needless. Request the housekeeper to come here at once."

When Susannah Bennett entered, Fanny drew a cheque book from the desk, and handed a cheque and wage sheet to Susannah. The aunts and Vernon, too astonished to interfere, watched her in silence. Five or six of the upper servants crept in behind Susannah.

"You are dismissed—all of you," Fanny said, firmly. "The check is made out for the entire family in a lump sum, payable to Martin Bennett; one month's wages in lieu of notice."

"Fanny, Fanny," cried Vernon, horrified.

"You don't mean it, dear," chorused the aunts, trembling with consternation. The Bennetts were an integral part of the family of Bantocks.

Fanny faced them. "I've deceived you all regarding my family!"

Newes raised a protesting voice. She silenced him with a little gesture. "I haven't a relative outside of England that I know of. My uncle is Martin Bennett, your butler. My aunt, Susannah Bennett.—Now, you know "

Vernon looked as unresponsive and cold as marble. The aunts cast down their eyes, like true gentlewomen, keeping silent in the face of disgrace.

Fanny, crying hysterically, shook Bennett's hand in farewell. "I'd have met you half-way if you'd have given me the chance."

She went the rounds of the group of Bennetts, bidding farewell to each. "Good servants never go begging for a place," she said. "And you may depend upon me for a character." Not one of them spoke. Bennett waved a dignified hand, and they formed an orderly file from the room.

The aunts slipped timidly away, Vernon followed them.

Fanny, alone, gazed at the first Lady Bantock, the powerful peeress who had built the line and founded the title. The grave, keen eyes seemed approving.

"I believe," Fanny murmured, with a sad little sob, "that you've been telling me to do it all the time."

* * * * *

The morning room of the Misses Wetherell was a strange scene at half-after six the next morning. As the two old ladies, in lavender morning gowns, crept from their rooms, they came face to face with George Newes, preparing breakfast over the grate.

"We can't ask the servants to get breakfast because they've been given the sack," he explained, and invited them to sit down to hard-boiled eggs and coffee.

He was in the midst of an indignant tirade against Vernon for not sticking to Fanny, for taking her away from her profession only to desert her at first sign of trouble, when Bennett entered.

"Good-morning," he said, as if nothing had happened. "I was not aware that breakfast was required earlier than usual. *Breakfast* will be served in the dining room." He removed the dishes from under Mr Newes' eagerly retentive fingers. Bennett would fulfil his duty up to the last minute he spent in Bantock Hall.

Vernon's entrance was the signal for a general uprising. Newes ventured to express his indignation. Vernon coldly answered that he did not care to discuss matters with anyone.

The gentle Misses Wetherell fluttered to him. His forbidding expression of misery did not deter them from their purpose.

"We have something to say to you, Vernon. We were not able to sleep at all last night."

"She is so young."

"And so pretty and adaptable."

"But it was the deceit," he burst out.

"We wanted to tell you, Vernon; we think you ought to know. The first Lady Bantock ——"

"She danced with George the Third!"

"She was a *butcher's* daughter!"

"And he was quite a *little* butcher, too. Of course we *never* speak of it. But we felt that you ought to know."

They kissed him pityingly and left him, his face in his hands.

A few minutes later, he raised his heavy eyes to see Lady Bantock before him, her hat, furs and travelling-bag indicative of her state of mind.

He avoided her gaze. The thought of her deceit averted every newly-formed inclination to forgive her.

She begged him to take back the Bennetts. "I wish to feel that I have caused as little commotion in your life as possible."

"Whether you go or stay," he replied. "I shall be more comfortable if they are dismissed."

"I want you to know," she burst out. "I knew nothing of what George Newes told you until after we married our marriage was all a mistake. It's wrong for classes to mix," she finished, sadly.

He faced her squarely. The misery and coldness were gone from his boyishly frank eyes. He had taken account of himself during the long, sleepless night. "The mistake was that if I had known that you were my butler's niece, I would have hesitated. I am a snob. I admit it. Now, I am asking my butler's niece to stay and be my wife."

She shook her head. "You are very kind."

"Oh, it isn't for your sake. It's for my own sake. I *want* you."

"I will stay," Fanny said, as Bennett entered with a huge covered dish. "If uncle gives his consent."

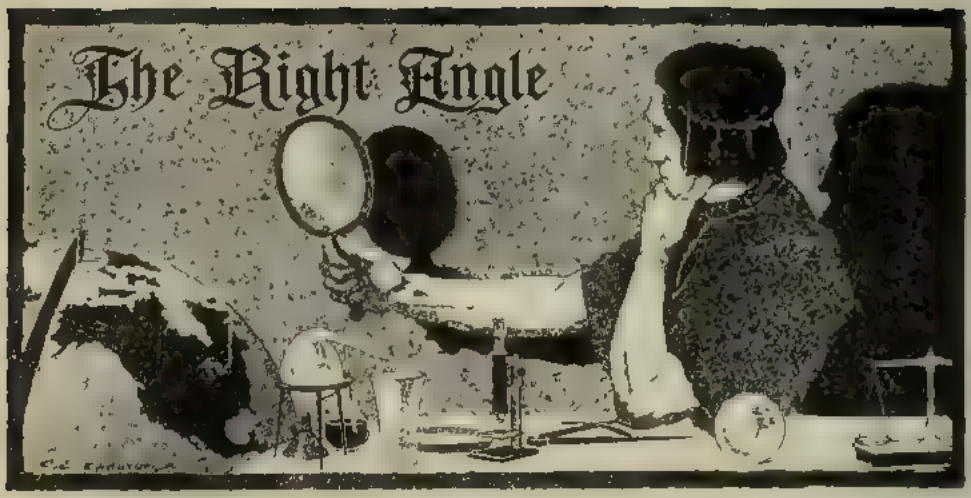
"Bennett," Vernon said. "I have asked your niece to stay here as my wife. She will if you give your consent. I should have asked you before."

In his surpise Bennett almost dropped the tray. He carried it weakly to the table.

"My dear Vernon," Bennett began. "I address you for the first and last time as your uncle. I have been told that my ideas are those of my own class." His voice grew more determined as he thought how Fanny's rebellion had changed his opinion of her ability to rule. "Yesterday I would have withheld my consent as she was not a suitable wife for your lordship—to-day I give it gladly."

Bennett's manner changed. He drew himself up ponderously. His side whiskers bristled with dignity. His eyes seemed to see nothing. He removed the cover from the dish ceremoniously.

"My lady, breakfast is served."



REAL LETTERS BY AN ACTUAL LOUIS

"THE Letters of Louis," now current in CANADA-WEST, are real letters. They were written at various places between Winnipeg and the Pacific, as Mr. Louis Kon himself moved on through the experiences they relate. They cover approximately two years, during which time Mr Kon learned much, suffered much, enjoyed much, and took it all with the philosophic equanimity of a well-born man of the world, not afraid nor ashamed to do any honest work his hands or brain could find to do. His development is told so well in his own English and his own way, that to edit or "correct" the manuscript would have been a shame. The letters are ingenuous and genuine, and Louis Kon is the actual name of the actual man who wrote them

This is said because so many have mistaken the first of them for something like the "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy." Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Schoolboy letters are the output of a master of English, juggling with the language. The Louis letters are the output of a man who is doing his best to express himself in English, which he is only learning; whose native shrewdness, good humor, and innate force of character, make his story fascinating, and command respect for himself.

Strictly speaking, they are not letters, in the formal sense. They are a series of papers, and as such they are given—untouched, as they came from their author's pen. The third of the series will appear in the May number

LOUIS KON
Author of the "Letters of Louis"

WHEN THE ANTHEM COMES

COLLIER'S is offering a prize of $100 for the best words of a Canadian anthem, to be sung to the music of Calixte Lavallee's composition, "O, Canada." Translations of the words fitted to this music long ago by Judge Routhier are not to be admitted to the

competition because, as the announcement says, it is thought "it would be a fairer division of labor if Quebec having supplied the tune, the whole of Canada should be allowed to supply the words." The call is for "an original English poem, to this setting." The competition will be open until the first of June, and will be judged by Dr. Pelham Edgar, Professor of English in the University of Toronto, Mr. Hector Charlesworth, music critic of *The Mail and Empire*, and Dr. Edward Broome, choirmaster of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto. Manuscripts are to be sent to *Collier's*, King street, Toronto.

The progress and outcome of this effort to find a hymn that will express the genius of a whole people will be watched with interest. One thing about it is foregone: the words will be simple and their number few. The successful verses, if they are to find permanent adoption, will not be the products of literary strenuosity, nor academic methods. Lavallee's music was written almost thirty years ago, and has commended itself more and more with time, because it is simple, heartfelt, beautiful and pure—of the kind that lives. So must the words be. These are qualities found in all great things, especially in great hymns. The words of the noblest of anthems, the Doxology, were written by an English clergyman in 1697, and there are only twenty-six of them, in four lines. Yet the Doxology, in its swelling power and simple solemnity, voices to-day the deepest of all religious feeling. Let us see whether some Canadian, moved by the significance and dignity of this new theme, can fit it in twelve lines (the number allowed) with words that also have in them the power of life. They must be words that are not evoked by desire of reward nor hope of applause, but that shall well up from the very depths of a heart that is filled with love of God, of country, and the glory of the Crown.

H. F. GADSBY
Editor of the Canadian "Collier's."

"GETTING IT OVER WITH"

THE White Queen in "Alice" did her screaming first and had it over with before her finger was pricked and the blood came. It saved a lot of trouble, and even if her finger were not to be pricked at all, still she had had her scream, and it was a relief to have got it out of her system. The correspondent who signs himself "A Young Canadian" in a letter to CANADA-WEST this month (see "Hough and His Judges") is having his scream, and by just so much as that is to the good—and no harm done or to be done by or to him, or anyone else. He sees the bogie of Annexation. That is what occasions the scream. The same furtive phantom has troubled the dreams of many, from time to time, as the hateful way is of all snarks, and boojums, and lobsters. It is a regular-going Mrs. 'Arris of a nonentity, recurrent at fitful intervals

CANADA-WEST is wholly free to accept the Young Canadian's good wishes, on and under the conditions tendered. The "influence" he bodefully fears is not at work, because there is no such influence. So far as is known, the United States does not want Canada, and Canada does not want annexation. That is all there is to it. There is no reason why anyone should

work for what nobody wants. As Alcibiades said about democracy, "concerning a manifest absurdity, why waste words?"

"THE A. B. C. ROUTE"

IN POINT of the convention of railway men, bankers and provincial officials held at Calgary in February, the *Alberta Homestead* makes an appeal for public support of the "A. B. C." route to the Pacific. The initials stand for Alberta and British Columbia, and the appeal is based on the advantages that will flow to the farmers of those provinces through a short railway haul west to ports that never close, as against the disadvantage of a long haul east to ports that are open only about eight months in the year. The convention referred to was a concrete expression of a general economic need that is working its own way out toward results. The route to the West is already in use, though only in an incipient way. It is really tripartite, each of the three great all-Canadian railway systems being a part of it. The Canadian Pacific is already at Vancouver. The Canadian Northern is pointed toward that same port. And the Grand Trunk Pacific is creating a new outlet at Prince Rupert. The "A. B. C." route is more than a need, it is a fact already established, and one that is looming larger in the affairs of the west, every year.

THAT "JOHN BULL" TIRADE

FOR a long time English papers have denounced Canadians and Canadian journals for an alleged unfairness to England and to English immigrants, but surely no Canadian paper ever turned loose on England such an avalanche of abuse and unfair criticism as was directed against Canada recently in the columns of *John Bull*, an English weekly edited by Horatio Bottomley, M. P.

The writer accuses the Dominion Government of sending out false statements and pictures of the West, and says: "The real West, with its many absolutely treeless miles of brown, turfed prairie and the rude 'shack', ten feet by seven, is a picture that is altogether too commonplace and true to appear in the publications of the Dominion Government." He admits that the Canadian is a hustler, but qualifies his comment with the declaration that our national mottos are, "do it now," "get rich quick," and "do others or they will do you." In pursuance of this theme, he says our work is slipshod and badly done and that the prairie "farmer bachelor" washes and shaves once a week, when going into town; cleans his teeth and bathes, never: and wears black sateen to avoid the necessity of clean linen.

One of his other statements is: "The phrase, 'word of honor', is one for which, unfortunately, there is no equivalent in the Canadian language, so, of course, we must not blame the Canadian who completely fails to understand such matters. It comes rather rough, however, on the new English settler, if he is fool enough to believe a man when he makes a promise. Before long, however, the Old Countryman learns his lesson and believes no one at all, distrusts even his own brother and returns to England, ultimately, a suspicious man for the rest of his days, which is perhaps as well. All's fair in love, war or Canada."

A somewhat sweeping arraignment, is it not? And even on the surface, most untrue. In the West, man's prosperity is measured only by his ability. As a people, we "hustle". There is no doubt about that. This is a young country, a new country, and every single one of us who is any good is anxious to help take off the newness. Of course we do not build as solidly as in England, where a country estate endures for centuries, because we do not build houses for future generations. In our own we may build again and again, and each time better with our improved fortune. When a man stocks a farm in Canada, he does not know but that the next year a new railway will tear shrieking through its heart and leave a town on his land. Every year, in our cities, our fashionable streets change their locality. The city grows. Shops and factories encroach on the residential district, and the man who built

a house "near" the downtown quarters finds that he must move to the suburbs if he wants to escape the smell of the shops and the smoke of the factories. So he sells his house for a factory site and builds a new place. Incidentally, he doubles his money. In Canada, we can't build for a century. The march of progress is too swift.

It is too absurd even to attempt to answer the charge that "word of honor" has no equivalent in the Canadian language. In every country one finds men to whom honor, in word and deed, is an unknown quantity, else would all jails be empty. In Canada, most of us are British, either by birth or ancestry, and it ill becomes an Englishman to make such a charge against his own kinsmen. There is an old saying about the "bird that fouls its own nest," that might be applicable.

Similarly, there are a great many more of the "great unwashed" in "dear old London" (where bath tubs abound) than there are in the great new regions of the West. It may be lonely out West, but the man who is getting his homestead, practically free, can scarcely expect the Government to build him a house with a porcelain bath, and to throw in a pianola and congenial companionship. If he is worth his salt, he will earn these things for himself, if he wants them, and the man who will not work for what he wants, does not deserve to get what he wants.

In the Empire there are always those who are "agin the government," and who are ever ready to decry whatever is new or enterprising or prosperous, or whatever they do not understand. But it is a bad habit, and a paper that bears the name of "John Bull" should be too big to yield to it.

W. P. HINTON

Press despatches state that he will assume charge of the Grand Trunk Pacific's Passenger interests in the West early in April.

"GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT"

FITFULLY, from time to time, comes a new story of gold in the ground, and a "rush" to get it out. But the old day of the grizzled prospector and the masterless man has gone, and with rail at the edge of a new camp and the appliances of modern science for the definition and realization of values, the rush is not the suffering scramble it used to be. There is a new find at Sturgeon Lake, six miles from Wako Station on the Superior Division of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and if the reports now out concerning the gold per ton of material raised are true, the summer is going to be a very active one there. Two fully organized companies are already in operation, and individual miners are taking out something from the gravels– enough to inspire a lively interest in all that part of the country, and to stimulate travel. No Klondike is promised, but at any rate there will be no Klondike hardships, whatever the camp may turn out to be.

MERELY AN INTERMISSION

IN a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription: "Rest in peace—until we meet again."

SLIGHT MISTAKE

MINISTER—"Deacon Jones, will you lead in prayer?"

The deacon snores peacefully.

Minister—"Deacon Jones, will you please lead?"

Deacon Jones, (awakening suddenly)—"It ain't my lead, I just dealt."

WELL?

PHYSICIAN (answering telephone at 2 a.m.)—"Well?"

Phoner—"Thunderation, no! Think I'd be calling you up at this unearthly hour if I was well?"

PROFESSIONAL POSSIBILITIES

DISTRESSED at his son's refusal to enter the ministry and his preference for dealing in horses, a worthy farmer was telling his sorrow to a neighbor. "Oh," said the latter, "don't take it too much to heart. I believe Tom will lead more men to repentance as a horse dealer than ever he would as a minister."

THE WHOLE THING

"WHAT part of speech is woman, pa?"

"Woman isn't a part of speech, my son. She's the whole speech."

INDULGENCE

"I HAVE such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll.

"Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful. "Sometimes indulges a little too much, doesn't he?"

EASY ENOUGH

"WELL," pondered the new Answers-to-Correspondents editor, "I wonder how to answer this: Here's a subscriber who wants to know what's a good thing to take ink stains out of white flannel."

"That's easy," replied the sporting editor, "a pair of scissors."

MERE PRUDENCE

HER friends (in chorus)—"But what's your idea in not letting him propose?"

She—"Well, as soon as we are engaged it will be my duty to make him economize.

HOW HE KNEW

"DO you know, Sam, that a man does not have to do as much work as he did ten years ago?"

"Yes, sah, I know it, sah; why, I's been married nearly eight years, sah!"

HER MISTAKE

"I had to leave my last situation because the missus said they were going to lead the sinful life, and they wouldn't want any servants about the place."

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